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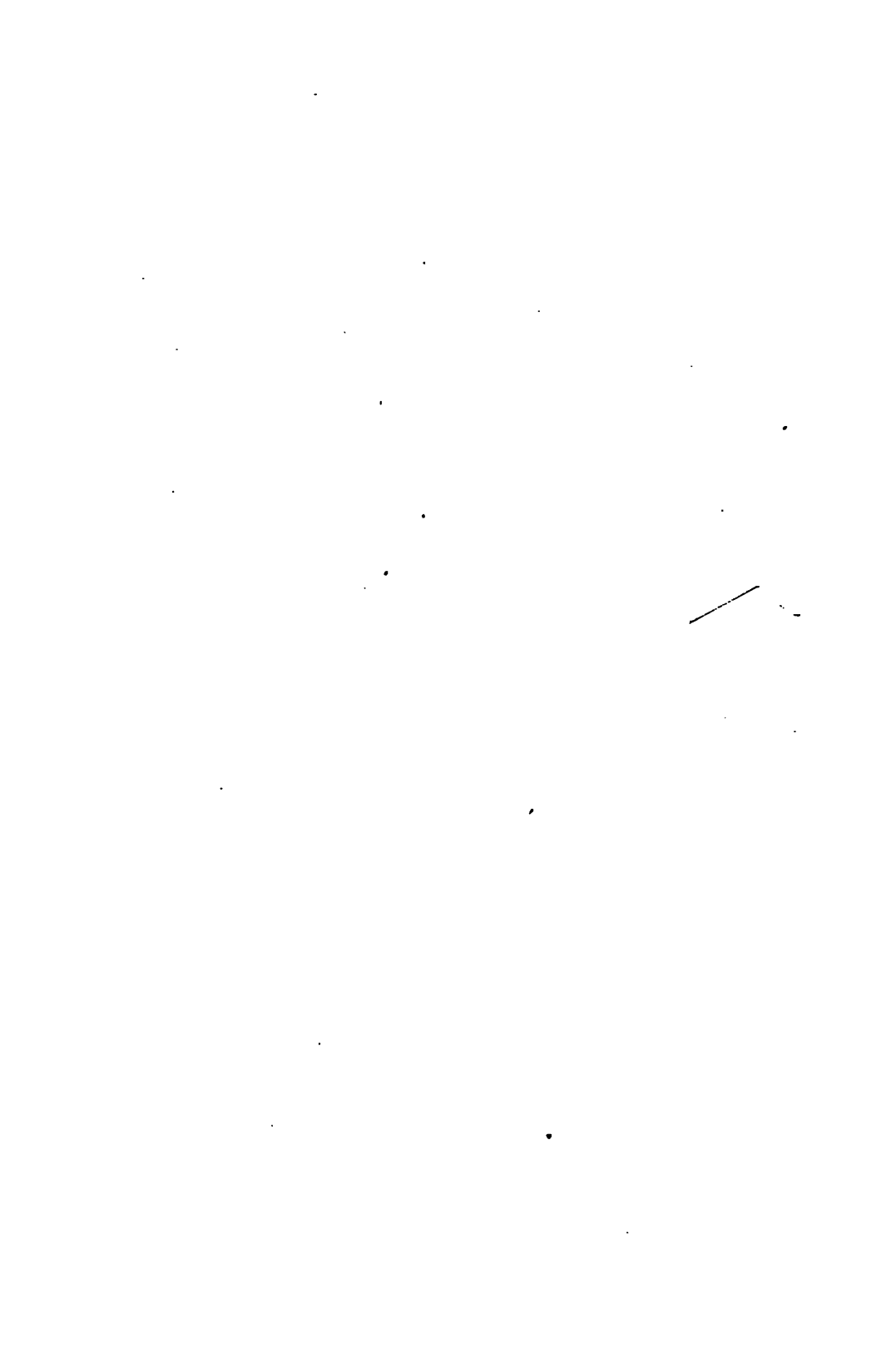
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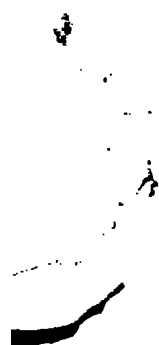
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THE THREE KINGDOMS:

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND.



VOL. I.



THE
THREE KINGDOMS:

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND.

BY
THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE THREE KINGDOMS.

CHAPTER I.

“ENGLAND ! write about England ! what a vast field of difficulties !” So said my friends at the moment when, grasping once more my travelling staff, I was about to commence my journey to the British Isles.

To write about England would indeed be an enterprise abounding in difficulties, if I wished to describe the manners of that great nation, to investigate its laws, to examine its policy, and penetrate the views of its government ; but far be from me any such intention. It is as a pilgrim that I set forth, it is as a poet that I shall write.

England is not one of those countries which, openly adoring liberty as a sovereign, persecute her in secret as an enemy ; her rulers, respecting the rights of the freedom of speech and of the

press, do not say to the nation, as Scipio did to the assembled multitude, "Silence! I know better than you what is good for you!" She no longer dreads the great question of legitimacy which was disposed of on that day when upon a tomb at Rome was solemnly inscribed, "Here lies the last of the Stuarts." In many respects England is a privileged country, in this age of disorder, when we see, in other quarters, people and monarchs watching each other with mutual inquietude, and stealthily engaged in a disloyal struggle.

The English constitution has now stood its test: its merit has been proved by its results. No one now asks, "Whence does it originate?" "From what time does it date?" It matters not. When, for the erection of a building that is to last for ever, brass, bronze, and gold have been hardened in the crucible, do we inquire the age of the materials? We have the monument, and that is enough.

Far then from me be all political questions. This shall be the only page where the high-sounding words *Charter*, *Assembly*, *Revolution*, and *Liberty* are found together; we now live, unfortunately, at an epoch when they have partly

lost their value from being so often analysed. We only look at revolutions in the light of theatrical representations played with more or less success. If wickedness triumph, we applaud it: if virtue fall, we hiss it. Great principles are no more than great problems to which every one, according to his own interest, gives a different solution: it follows, therefore, that nothing now is respected but sheer force, nothing esteemed but gold, and that morality itself has become an enigma.

What result have our fifty years of confusion brought us? A general indifference to everything. Men no longer aspire to power, for they have no faith in the stability of kingdoms. They know not what to believe, and in this deplorable state of uncertainty, adopt the convenient fashion of believing nothing. On the one hand they fear the people, and will not be governed by them, though they themselves have proclaimed their sovereignty. In the very act of liberating them they tighten the bridle, even though the bit should cause the jaw to bleed; they desire that the popular rule should expire at the moment when a revolution has crowned it. Alas! what can one expect from such a people!

On the other hand men have a dread of Kings : they allow them to reign, but without supreme authority, and only as *crown-bearers* ; they forbid them to command. Thus royalty becomes merely a hazardous position which requires a character at once cunning and pliant—a profound dissimulation or a complete nullity. Alas ! what can be expected from such Kings !

There is one painful recollection which wounds the heart of a Frenchman landing on British ground : it is that of the *hospitality of the Bel-lerophon*.

Cruel pages are those where, beside the name of Napoleon, figures that of Hudson Lowe ! A frightful picture is that which portrays the gaoler of St. Helena, the representative of Albion, muzzling the tongue and the heart of his prisoner ; cheapening his hunger, and measuring his thirst, weighing his breath, and counting his wrinkles ; insulting in short the great eagle through the bars of his cage. But, I repeat, in this book will be found none of those arduous questions of *republic* and *monarchy*, of *de facto* and *de jure*, which at every step invite the pen in proportion as the writer observes the customs and institutions of a country. I neither travel

for the purpose of attacking nor defending. I will be neither courtier nor declaimer: I pass through the British Isles seeking only, as I have done in Germany, in Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Saxony, poetical descriptions, illustrious memorials, curious anecdotes, and interesting characters. I enter into no dissertation, I describe. I do not judge, I relate.

I find pleasure only in seeking after good; the seekers after evil are already sufficiently numerous.

I am aware, nevertheless, how much easier it is to provoke attention by satire than to excite interest by praise. No matter! I prefer the silence of oblivion to the success of defamation. We have too many morose thinkers who regard princes and their people, nay, even the whole human race, on the dark side. I will not, like them, dip my pen in gall: we are too apt to discover social grievances. As I am convinced that I cannot cure them, I take no delight in exposing them. How often nevertheless during my long travels, when closely observing the haughty actors of the great political drama, have I not smiled in pity at seeing some of them prepare their scenic effects! What miserable di-

mensions have the colossal giants of the theatre when viewed behind the curtain ! I might have lifted up many veils, I might have launched forth many darts. " I am making ashes," said a scul-lion's boy when surprised one night in the act of kindling an enormous fire. Alas ! many statesmen have laboured in like manner, and how many writers do the same ! As for me, I avoid both the one and the other, for whilst I am a friend to creative, I am an enemy to destructive, power.

I am, moreover, of opinion that the writer who, while kindly received in a foreign land, visits the palace and the cottage with the view of basely studying the manners and customs of their inhabitants, only to misuse the knowledge he may acquire, is wanting in the duties of gratitude and honour. If in the countries through which he passes he is resolved to attack others, let him maintain his own independence by keeping himself, even when mixing with the world, exclusively alone ; let him not accept favour or attention from those for whom he has neither affection nor sympathy ! Let him not extend his hand to them as a friend, only to strike them afterwards as an enemy ; let his conscience whisper to him, "*It is shame-*

ful to repay the favours of hospitality with perfidious misrepresentation !” At the very moment when, through the progress of civilization, the obstacles of distance are overcome, and all nations are united by a fraternal tie, is it playing an honourable part to seek to perpetuate ancient enmities and popular rivalries ? By the diffusion of contemptible slanders, discord and national animosity are excited.

As for me I mean to avoid all unfavourable descriptions, and to abstain from bitter reproaches. When anything unpleasant in a foreign land meets my view, which it would serve no good end to mention, I turn away my head and am silent ; but when an object possesses attraction for me, and may be of advantage to others, I hasten to examine and describe it. Let the serpent crawl along and hiss ; I, like the bird, pass on and sing.

On the 14th of July, 1843, I proceeded through Belgium in my way to Ostend, whence I purposed embarking for London. I paused a moment at Ghent to revisit the house of Jacques van Artevelde. The balcony of the famous Brewer-King bears at present this inscription : *“ Here perished, victim of a faction, on the 24th of July, 1345, Jacques van Artevelde,*

who raised the commonalty of Flanders to great prosperity." Who will believe inscriptions after this ?

At two o'clock A.M. I embarked at Ostend. The weather was fine, and the passage admirable ; the wind scarcely stirred the vast plain of sea, and we sailed on rapidly. At noon the sun shone with all its brightness ; but we were approaching the Thames, and already in the distance we beheld dark vapours which thickened as we drew nearer to the capital. Ere long, these vapours became one mass, and at last when we had past Gravesend, twenty-eight miles from London, we bade adieu to the sun—we were in the middle of the Thames.

It is impossible not to be struck with admiration on arriving at the great city by this great river. For eight leagues you traverse a long alley of vessels, a maritime wood, whose thousand masts rise higher and straighter than the most gigantic forests. On every side is observable a movement, an agitation, a commerce, an activity, a chaos impossible to describe. The magnificent Hospital of Greenwich (pronounced Grinitche)* is the

* It is well known that English words are not always pronounced as they are written, "Thus," said a wit in

first public edifice that presents itself. From this point up to the landing place, our steamer was with difficulty steered through the myriads of ships, boats, skiffs, and other small craft which ploughed the water on every side. I wished to count the vessels that were continually advancing or crossing our own; but I gave it up, the number was too considerable. Unfortunately, the fog and the coal-smoke, which, barely tinged with sunlight, spread over our heads as it were a reddish vapour, diminished my admiration.

All this commercial activity amid thick sunless clouds and under an azureless firmament, appeared to me marvellously gloomy and splendidly dark. My enthusiasm grew cold.

And yet, on casting a look around, what a vast field for thought! These thousands of vessels engaged in the commerce of the whole world, and each bearing with it a vast fortune had arrived there from the four quarters of the globe. How many existences from one pole to another depended on these hardy navigators!

I recalled to mind that a year previously I London, "here we write *Solomon* and pronounce it *Nebuchadnezzar*."

had entered St. Petersburg by the Neva. I compared the two pictures ; how little they resembled one another ! The approach to St. Petersburg from Cronstadt is chiefly remarkable from the size of its river and the number of its palaces, churches, colonnades, cupolas and steeples. The entrance to London, on the contrary, presents to the view no striking building, no monument of note, except Greenwich Hospital. The houses which border the Thames are smoky, dirty, and badly built, and almost entirely inhabited by the working classes. No sacrifice is made to the culture of the fine arts ; all is consecrated to the labours of industry. There are no associations of poetry connected with the scene, but solely those of commerce ; it seems as if the Queen of the Seas were unwilling to descend to self-ornament. She knows that if it so pleased her, she has enough both of gold and of genius to adorn her banks with monumental magnificence ; and this conviction suffices her.

But if on the one hand, from its gigantic edifices and picturesque scenery, the approach to St. Petersburg by the Neva far surpasses the entrance to London by the Thames, how immensely inferior, on the other, is the Russian

capital in all that concerns the bustle of trade and the prodigies of industry. In this respect, nothing can be compared to London. What can be more wonderful than its docks : those vast basins, in the midst of which are barracked legions of vessels, which the sovereign of maritime cities receives daily ? These vessels enter thither from the Thames by a small canal which opens for their admittance and closes after them. The docks are surrounded by immense warehouses, where all the products of the universe are collected together, and where each ship unloads its wealth. It would be impossible to fancy, without actually seeing it, the picture presented by these little separate harbours in the midst of an enormous city, where an innumerable population of sailors, shopkeepers, and artisans are tumultuously and incessantly hurrying to and fro.*

* The warehouses of St. Katharine's Dock which cost, I was told, a million sterling are supported by enormous iron columns. In one is a cellar containing twenty-eight thousand barrels of wine ; from this we may judge of the dimensions of the upper apartments. As to the quantity of vessels ranged in order in these immense basins, the number is so considerable, and varies so much that it is impossible to give any idea which may even approximate to the reality.

These marvels of human industry are, it is true, black, dirty, and smoke-dried ; but the genius of commerce is not the less there in all its majesty. Amid these colossal structures, proud Albion, extending her sceptre to the four extremities of the globe, dictates her sovereign orders to all her tributary nations, and as her dominion seems boundless so also it seems eternal.

How could we coldly survey these docks, where *reality* pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur becomes at last poetry ! How can lofty expressions fail to rise to our lips where our eyes behold nothing but mighty works ! Enthusiasm and imagination reject no land where a palm flourishes or a chaplet is woven. The furnace of the Cyclop has its poetry as well as the garden of Armida ; and emulating all earthly supremacies even commerce has its glories.

The day after my arrival in London was Sunday. On this day the great city, giving itself up apparently to God alone, seems defunct to the world. The houses are closed, the shops shut, carriages no longer go their rounds, business and pleasure are alike interdicted ; no theatres are allowed to be open, dancing and music are forbidden. Sunday in England is like a

day of mourning and grief; piety there resembles death. There are those, nevertheless, who affirm (but this is perhaps a calumny) that this gloomy ostentation of Christian fervour is merely an affair of form and custom. The English have a profound respect for custom; it is a religion with them.*

I was very anxious to see the famous Tower of London; but my expectations were not entirely realised. There is nothing striking about its exterior. It was formerly surrounded by a moat which is now being filled up; this is a fatal blow to the poetry of the place. The armour and jewels which it contains are doubtless of great value; but in a metropolis like London we expect marvels, and when we only find there what we can see everywhere else we are disappointed.

The fortress, in the centre of which is the square building with four turrets called the Tower of London, is a kind of small village

* The excess of repose on Sunday is carried so far in England, that an English peer walking out one day in the country, and happening to whistle as he went along, was suddenly interrupted by a young peasant, who exclaimed indignantly, "Sunday, my Lord, Sunday!"

where there are houses to let, shops and taverns ; the general appearance of all this is wretched, for the houses are mere huts, the shops paltry sheds, and the taverns dirty pot-houses. Amid these miserable hovels are the remains of fortified buildings, but of insignificant dimensions. I was shown the room where the two children of Edward IV. were smothered together in bed—a hole of a few square feet, in every sense of the word disagreeable to see. The deed committed in such a place loses part of its imposing horror, and is brought to a level with more ignoble crimes. We cannot well picture to our imagination in such a spot the sons of Kings, characters important in history ; this great political assassination becomes reduced to the proportions of a Fualdès' murder.*

I paused before the prison of Anne Boleyn and saw the spot where Jane Grey was beheaded.†

* In allusion to a horrible murder committed in the South of France at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons.

† In the Tower is shown the axe with which Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn were beheaded. On the pavement of the court, near the prison, the spot where their scaffold



The portion of the citadel lately burnt did not adjoin the great tower ; there are no signs as yet of any intention to rebuild the part destroyed, which was an arsenal. Among the pieces of artillery rescued from the conflagration, and more or less damaged by the flames, I observed the first cannon fired at the battle in which gunpowder was first used : this relic is called the cannon of Crecy.*

The London bazaars are in no respect superior to those of Paris. Covent Garden is curious from the quantity of fruits of every clime and season which are exposed there for sale. Unfortunately, they cost a King's ransom ; and by the way, let us not omit to mention that whoever has not his pockets full of money in London has no other resource but to fly as fast as he can from a city where, like Tantalus, he will die of thirst in the midst of plenty.

Somerset House is a large square building looking over the Thames ; its proportions are stood is still visible ; the stones are partially discoloured.

* Here are also kept the guns recently taken from the Chinese ; there is nothing remarkable about them.

remarkable, but it is so discoloured by the coal-smoke which envelopes the city, that one is scarcely able to distinguish the beauties of its architecture. I thought, on my first approach, that it had just miraculously escaped from a conflagration, and that there had not yet been sufficient time to remove the traces of fire.

On leaving Somerset House I directed my steps to that new wonder of the world which England owes to the genius of a Frenchman: the Thames Tunnel is indubitably one of the most astonishing works of our epoch, and moreover it is unique of its kind. What boldness and perseverance it must have required to accomplish such a labour!

But will the result be as complete as is desired? We may be permitted to doubt it. Shall we ever see carriages roll underneath the arch above which vessels are passing? The present generation will, probably, not be called upon to applaud this new marvel. You descend about one hundred steps in order to arrive at the Tunnel, which is twelve or fifteen hundred feet long: now, to construct at both ends of this subaqueous passage a gradual slope, practicable for horses and carriages, would require

such vast labour and such an immense outlay that the very idea of it is startling. How many private properties must be purchased—how many houses pulled down ! What masses of earth must be removed ; and, after all, will the profits repay such sacrifices ? However this may be, the Tunnel is not the less one of those mighty enterprises which strike us with wonder and admiration. What cannot the genius of man attempt, and in what can it not succeed ! To-day we walk under rivers, to-morrow we may run on the clouds. I no longer despair of any discovery. The barriers of nature are falling day by day before the progressing power of knowledge ; we hurry along, as it were, at full gallop through mountains and precipices with steeds of boiling water ! Are the wings of Icarus really fabulous ? Of that we can no longer be certain. Who knows if each of us may not some day be an Icarus with patented improvements ? The restless ferment of the present day will bring on a general overthrow of all past notions : the age does not advance steadily, it gallops. Like new Titans, we are all engaged in scaling Olympus : alas ! will that bring us any nearer to Heaven ?

St. Paul's in London is said to be, next

to St. Peter's at Rome, the finest church in Europe. I approached it with the respect I had previously conceived for it, but with no emotions of enthusiasm. It is badly situated, the access to it being obstructed by mean dwelling-houses. Besides, I confess, in sacred edifices I admire no style of architecture but the Gothic: the beautiful structures of Greece, the splendid temples of Paganism, viewed as places of Christian worship, fail to inspire me with devotion. When I pour forth my prayers to the Eternal, I love to prostrate myself beneath a pointed roof, before altars of holy images, where I am surrounded by long galleries, old painted windows, and columns dating from the middle ages. I love the sombre precincts of the sanctuary which inspires a solemn reverie, mysterious and indefinite as the soul and thought of man. Now, although St. Paul's is an imposing structure, I could not, in its vast interior, where there is neither sanctuary nor tabernacle, fancy myself elsewhere than in a temple or a theatre. As to religious creed I cannot conform myself to that of the goddess Reason. I shall never be persuaded that the best method of exciting

fervour and piety is to avoid touching the imagination or the heart. We are struck by the monuments in St. Paul's, they are masterpieces in marble ; we are astonished at its sculptures, they are prodigies of talent ; but the spirit of Christianity is wanting. There is no cross under the sacred dome ; the image of the Saviour is absent ; what do I say, *absent* ? It is proscribed. There is nothing to awaken faith, nothing to revive belief, nothing to remind one of another world. I sought the house of the Lord, and I saw but the work of man ; and where I wished, above all, to find my God, I found all but Him !


I mounted to the top of St. Paul's in order to survey from its summit the mighty city ; but the banks of the Thames were hidden beneath fog, coal-smoke, and every kind of vapour. I could distinguish nothing but the thickness of the atmosphere.

A grand fête was in preparation at the Opera. Since 1834 nothing of the sort had taken place. Queen Victoria was to be present in her state-box and state-costume, surrounded by the highest nobility of her court. I had great difficulty in procuring a ticket of admission, for on this oc-

casion a stall cost six guineas, and boxes were let as high as thirty guineas. Three boxes near the stage thrown into one, and lined with blue satin and crimson velvet with silver fringe, besides being profusely ornamented with gold and surmounted by trophies, awaited the youthful sovereign. Two men at arms in the costume of the middle ages, with tall halberds, stood upright beneath the royal box, of which they seemed to be the pillars, so statue-like and immoveable did they appear. At half-past seven the Queen made her *entrée* ; she wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and her blue dress glittered with precious stones. Prince Albert in a scarlet uniform accompanied her Majesty : the ladies in waiting were the Duchess of Buccleugh and the Countess of Dunmore ; behind these, I remarked the Earl of Jersey and Lord Edward Bruce. The curtain rose immediately, and on the stage, at the back of which was an immense scene representing the Queen crowned by divers allegorical figures, Lablache, at the head of the entire Italian company, commenced singing " God save the Queen." The theatre rang with shouts of applause, which her Majesty repeatedly acknowledged with infinite

grace. The opera then began : "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" having been chosen for the occasion, supported by Lablache, Mario, Fornasari and Grisi.

The ballet of Ondine followed, in which the famous Cerito sustained the principal part. Lablache acted admirably, and was much applauded by the Queen. After the first act of "Il Barbiere," Fanny Elssler and Cerito executed a *pas de deux* ; I never remember to have seen anything more fascinating of the kind. These two celebrated *artistes* commenced a trial of skill, or rather, to obtain the victory, a trial of marvels. Two parties were at that time disputing in London as to the respective merits of Elssler and Cerito. Both were anxious and panting to witness the struggle between these brilliant rivals, who bounded and whirled about amid the most vehement applause. Never did swordsmen in the arena, never did wrestlers in the circus exhibit more energy and courage in their efforts to conquer and triumph. Cerito, indeed, did not *dance*, she floated in the air, and reminded me of the answer made by Vestris, when asked "Why do you not remain in the air?" "Because if I did, I should grow tired of it."



After the second act of *Il Barbieri*, came the ballet of *Ondine*, the counterpart of the *Sylphide*. The principal difference between them is, that the *Sylphide* is a nymph of air, while *Ondine* is a water-nymph. The ballet of *Alma* is also played in London, and she is a fire-nymph; so that in this way all the elements are dancers.

Cerito was enthusiastically applauded in the *pas de l'ombre*; seen through the fantastic glimmering of the moonbeams, and surrounded by *real* vapours exhaling from a lake, she seemed a marvellous transparency. She was pursuing her shadow, guided by the lamp of night, and the shadow escaped her; yet *Cerito* herself appeared as difficult of capture. I thought both would finally melt away with the faint light of the moon and the mists of *Ossian*.*

In this ballet is a charming scene where all

* At *Cerito's* benefit several printed papers were thrown on the stage containing verses in her praise. The last two lines quoted here, allude to her charming *pas de l'ombre*:

Pourquoi trembler, naïde ou rose,
Fille de l'air, fille du feu,
N'êtes-vous pas la fleur éclosé
Qui nous tombe des mains de Dieu ?

the Ondines are seen dancing beneath the water, while a boat is passing above their heads. The numerous cascades in this piece reminded me of a performance of *Robin des Bois* at Aix-la-Chapelle, where real sheets of water fell from a great height and with a loud noise on the stage, from whence they flowed off in clear streamlets. The waterfalls in the London ballet were not quite so aquatic.

The Opera House is of vast dimensions, but in bad taste; one would think, judging from its pigeon-holes, that it was meant for a dovecote. Every box on each tier seems a little hole lined with crimson, out of which peep the heads of its occupiers, barely visible from the scarcity of light; there is a wearisome uniformity about the *ensemble* equally devoid of magnificence and poetic beauty.

The city of London is of vast extent, and the distance from one end to another is immense; the streets are wide, level, well-paved, and adorned with sumptuous buildings. The

Aussi, sur cette terre sombre,
Merveilleuse divinité,
Oh ! daignez sourire à cette ombre,
Vous êtes sa réalité !

squares above all excite a traveller's admiration; they are public places, in the centre of which is a pretty garden surrounded by iron railings; each of the proprietors of the adjoining houses having a key which enables him to walk there at pleasure.

How shall I speak of the number of parks and shrubberies forming extensive tracts of country in the midst of a huge metropolis! Paris can boast nothing of the kind. The Green Park, St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Regent's Park, &c., abound in plantations, sheets of water, greensward, and pavilions of indescribable loveliness. The Regent's Park above all is a scene of enchantment, where we might fancy ourselves surrounded by the quiet charms of a smiling landscape, or in the delightful gardens of a magnificent country-house, if we did not see on every side a countless number of mansions adorned with colonnades, porticoes, pediments and statues, which transport us back to London; but London is not here, as it is on the banks of the Thames, the gloomy, commercial city. Its appearance has entirely changed; purified from its smoke and dirt and decked with costly splendour, it has become

the perfumed abode of the aristocracy. No artisans' dwellings are to be seen here ; nothing less than the habitations of princes.

I was present at a *fête champêtre* given in one of these magnificent gardens which I have just described, that of the Royal Botanic Society; many of the English nobility were assembled in its shrubberies and parterres. This spot, filled with rare plants and curious shrubs, resembled a gigantic vase of flowers; the atmosphere exhaling a delicious fragrance re-echoed the harmonious sounds of military music. Here and there immense tents were erected in which were exhibited all the marvels of Flora. Not far from these were miniature lakes with pleasure boats, shell grottos, mountains and temples, ball-rooms roofed with canvass ; then came flowers again, of all kinds in endless profusion ; until, under the brilliant influence of the season, we felt our own hearts expand as if we too were growing young again.

In Hyde Park a statue is erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington ; the cost of this monument was defrayed by a ladies' subscription ; oddly enough, the figure, which is as naked as *truth*, has derived its name from *fiction* : it is

called Achilles. The Prince of Waterloo is thus represented as the son of Thetis, in allusion to his exploits; and yet here as well as elsewhere classic fiction is no longer in fashion.

This mythological mass had little attraction for me: the large statues of Gog and Magog, the two city giants, which are to be seen in the great hall at Guildhall* pleased me much more.

About these there is something original and peculiar. The imagination may freely indulge in conjecture while contemplating these strange figures, clad in inconceivable costumes, painted in all colours, and adorned with every variety of gilding. I could have wished to hear their history, and indeed without knowing it, I felt as it were an intuitive conviction that it would not be impossible to write it. They probably figured as heroes in the legends of olden time.

I visited Westminster, and in my way thither paused sorrowfully before the building where Charles I. was beheaded. Whitehall has a gloomy aspect. But Westminster, oh! with

* Here are four marble monuments, two of which were erected in honour of the celebrated Pitt and his father.

what admiration did I traverse this vast abbey, peopled with monuments, where a solemn melancholy inspires the soul, whilst the heart beats with enthusiasm. The emotion we experience in the midst of this immense palace of death is indefinable. We are surrounded by human dust; but what dust? The great and immortal children of mighty Albion have all there a funereal stone. Their tombs are eloquent pages in which we may in a manner read the history of England. What varied characters! The Black Prince, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Shakspeare, the astronomer Newton, the poet Dryden, the painter Kneller,* the actor Garrick, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Sheridan, &c. All these immortal spirits of Britain are assembled together at this last sanctuary of fame. At every step, the name of some character glorious in history silently claims your attention; standing beside their cold sepulchres, you recall to mind how they too once glowed with the warmth of life, and you say with the Christian orator, "God alone is great, my brethren!"

It is He, it is the eternity of Heaven that

* The author is not aware that Kneller was a foreigner.—*Transl.*

should hover over the eternity of Earth in Westminster Abbey! Yet here, as in St. Paul's, there is nothing to exalt our hearts to Him; no holy sanctuary, no pictures to inspire us with thoughts of another world! Nothing which can whisper to us in the midst of these crowned and coffined ashes, "Behold the light of immortality!"

And yet, what can be more in harmony with religion than this gothic interior where all the brilliancy of genius is displayed! How can one avoid praying beneath these mysterious arches, where so many illustrious spirits have addressed their supplications to Heaven?

The chapel of Henry the Seventh, founded by that monarch, is a prodigy of gothic architecture: the stone work of the roof resembles the finest lace, and the carving is so marvellously delicate that the spectator can hardly believe his own eyes.* Not far off are the

* Here are displayed the banners of all the Knights of the order of the Bath; and here is also the tomb of Henry VII. That of the children of Edward IV is in the abbey, but no one could inform me for certain if it contained their remains. Poor young princes! Their executioner, Richard, is buried at Windsor.

two coronation chairs ; beneath the King's seat is attached a large shapeless stone, upon which formerly the Scottish monarchs were crowned. This mass of granite would have appeared to me more poetically placed had I met with it at the base of some old monument in Scotland, near the torrents of Morven, or by the side of the ancient sons of Fingal.*

I went as I had been advised to visit the jail of Newgate. What an ostentatious prodigality of iron doors, grated cells, *chevaux de frise*, locks, bolts, bars, and chains is here to be seen ! What precautions against escape ! In order moreover that the captive may not break his prison, they hardly allow the light of day to enter it. The air itself is intercepted. High walls with grated loop-holes shut out all view of heaven. In this place, a man becomes entirely dead to nature. The condemned criminal, once there, only knows from memory what life was beyond its walls. "Oh ! when I was free, how fair and smiling must life have been !" This idea is a perpetual torment to him : this recollection is a foretaste

* Some time after, when in the north of Scotland, and not far from Morven, I saw at the ruins of Dunstaffnage the place where the coronation stone once stood.

of eternal condemnation. Many a one, engaged in the giddy round of society, laments and bewails the least reverse of fortune. Alas ! would he dare to deplore his own lot if he thought on that of him who is for ever a captive, who far removed from his fellow-men, deprived of light, exiled from nature, forgotten, degraded, lost, is surrounded only by the walls of his prison and has no other means of escaping from the path of despair but through the gates of the tomb !

In the House of Correction at Bridewell I witnessed a painful spectacle. There is a gigantic wheel, forty-five feet long, which is called the tread-mill ; ten prisoners at one and the same time are compelled to be continually turning it with their feet, scrambling to retain their hold after the fashion of a squirrel in his cage. The fatigue of this forced march, this Ixion-like punishment is so great, that they cannot endure it longer than five minutes ; they then rest another five minutes, and recommence their round. Others in turn relieve them, and this goes on during the entire day. The prisoners are weighed on entering, in order to judge of their gradual loss of strength, and to measure

their torments according to their powers of endurance. Few can bear it long ; the result of the wheel and the labour is often fatal. Well may we wonder that the most philanthropical and civilized nation on earth should retain such a relic of barbarism !*

From Bridewell I visited Bedlam which inspired me afresh with melancholy thoughts ; I beheld this noble establishment with mingled admiration and grief. Its galleries, seemingly of interminable extent, are magnificent, but peopled with lunatics whose sadness or gaiety appear equally fearful. Confined in a double prison, mental as well as bodily, without light, without hope, and without end, the unfortunate inmates struggle at the same time under a two-fold condemnation. It is true that the prisoners in Bedlam have not, like those in Newgate, to endure the tortures of memory and remorse, but even those in Newgate might have, if they would, an advantage over those in Bedlam, namely, the power of fixing their thoughts on Heaven. These last would thus have still a hope left ; the captive lunatic has none, he is not even on a level with dumb animals, for instinct likewise

* This prison cost £240,000, and contains four hundred prisoners.

has forsaken him. He no longer ranks among men, and he is separated by nature from the brute creation.

In one of the apartments in Bedlam is a portrait of Henry VIII painted by Holbein ; his disagreeable countenance consists of a screwed up mouth, a bushy beard, a short nose, small eyes and a puffy face. This Blue Beard of the English throne, this royal slayer of women appeared to me in his proper place at Bedlam. But alas ! he himself was not confined there. Beneath the sovereign purple, what scourge can be so terrible as a sanguinary madman !

This day, at its commencement, had inspired me with sad thoughts : its close brought with it more agreeable sensations. Such is life ; a perpetual succession of contrasts : joy being ushered in hand-in-hand with sorrow. Man's existence resembles the nature of a child : the same impressions follow one another : now smiles, now tears. In both stages of life man passes at random : by chance as it were or by caprice, from pleasure to pain.

I was invited to a *matinée dansante* at Lady Chesterfield's. This noble lady inhabits one of the finest mansions in London, where nothing

conducive either to comfort or luxury is wanting. Galleries of family portraits,* apartments with gilded wainscoting, and a delicious garden formed points of attraction on that day for the *élite* of English society. At half past four in the *afternoon* the *matinée dansante* began. The King of Hanover was among the company, and I was presented to him by the Duchess of Beaufort; his Majesty conversed with me, for some time, respecting my travels, and blaming me for not having yet passed through his dominions, made me promise to pay him a visit there. The King, although advanced in years, expresses himself with youthful vivacity; his hair is white, and his sight failing; but his wit and conversation are not the less charming. He was one of the handsomest men of his day.

At the same *matinée* I had also a tolerably long talk with one of those historical characters whom it is impossible to approach without a strong feeling of curiosity, the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, bending under the weight of years, and reminding one of *Œdipus* or *Belisa-*

* One of the present Earl's illustrious ancestors was the celebrated Lord Chesterfield.

rius, was surrounded with homage and adulation, like a monarch or an idol: a word from his lips, a look, a smile were the objects of the most jealous anxiety. A crowd perpetually followed him, and I observed that the enthusiasm felt in England for this hero of times past had not yet grown cold. Yes, of *times past*, I repeat these words, for we have advanced so far since 1816 that we have left it at least a century behind us; the *hundred days* concentrated the events of a *hundred years*.

I had only been a short time in London when her Majesty, Queen Victoria, gave a grand ball. In order to obtain an invitation, I ought to have been introduced at court; but as, since my arrival, there had been no levees, I had no opportunity of being presented. I was lamenting this disappointment when I received a card from her Majesty, who condescended to dispense with the usual etiquette in my favour.

On that day I dined with Lady Blessington,*

* Lady Blessington has published upwards of twenty works, all of which have been eminently successful. Of these the principal are, "Sketches and Fragments," "A Tour in the Netherlands," "A Tour

one of the muses of England, combining wit with beauty. I was delighted to become acquainted with so distinguished an ornament of literature. I had before admired her talent, I now did homage to her charms. At her house I met the handsome Count D'Orsay, her son-in-law, the king of fashion in London.*

in the Isle of Wight, "The Magic Lantern," "Conversations with Lord Byron," "The Two Friends," "The Repealers," (an Irish story, where the repeal question is ably treated,) "The Victims of Society," "The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," (this lively volume, the success of which was prodigious, contains the histories of his six lovers with the portraits of the six ladies,) "The Confessions of an Elderly Lady," (a companion to the preceding work), "The Governess," "The Idler in Italy," and "The Idler in France," "The Lottery of Life," "Meredith," "The Belle of a Season," &c. These remarkable works have gained for the Countess of Blessington an European celebrity. I must not omit to mention that I am indebted to her Ladyship for an introduction to the illustrious writer, Bulwer.

* I must not forget to add, that Count D'Orsay cultivates the fine arts with the greatest success. He has a wonderful talent for catching likenesses, and paints admirably.

King of fashion! is that his highest title? No, certainly not; a meritorious work of charity has entitled him to the gratitude of his countryman. Count D'Orsay has founded in London a benevolent society for the purpose of affording succour to all Frenchmen in destitute circumstances. Thanks to his care, an asylum has been established where all his indigent fellow-countrymen find shelter and protection. Honour to him, who, from the height of the throne of fashion has been able to prove that he can be at one and the same time the prince of dandies, and the father of the unfortunate.*

Lord Brougham was among the guests at Lady Blessington's table; his conversation sparkled with *bon-mots*. There also were present Westmacott, the famous sculptor, and the celebrated painters Edwin Landseer, Stanfield and

* The capital of the Benevolent Society, founded by Count D'Orsay, increases daily, thanks to the numerous donations of charitable individuals. The *Courrier de l'Europe*, an excellent French journal published in London, has recently given a list of several new subscribers, among whom we will mention his Royal Highness the Duc de Bordeaux, who has subscribed £50.

Grant; our own illustrious Gudin was also there. How much I regretted being obliged to quit abruptly this assemblage of talent to dress for the court ball; but had I reason to complain? Another *fête* awaited me. I arrived about eleven o'clock at Buckingham Palace. That very morning I had examined its exterior, which is not very remarkable; but opposite to it is St. James's Park, adorned with beautiful green plots, gravel walks, tall trees, and transparent waters. I can easily imagine the Queen preferring this residence to the old smoky palace of St. James's, which, with its castellated turrets and its galleries with narrow windows, resembles a convent or a prison.

The Queen had already entered the ball-room, and had the extreme kindness to make several inquiries after me, the string of carriages having delayed my arrival. The French ambassador, the Comte de St. Aulaire, hastened to present me to her Majesty. She was seated on a throne at the end of one of the galleries of the palace, and was surrounded by the principal ladies of her court: among them was the Princess Clementine of Saxe Coburg, daughter of Louis

Philippe, who had recently arrived with her husband from Portugal. The Queen wore a white dress, trimmed with bouquets interspersed with precious stones. Her *coiffure* was composed of flowers and diamonds, forming a toilette of the richest and yet most simple elegance. Her smile was most affable, and her personal appearance extremely graceful. Rising at my approach, Her Majesty condescended to address me in French, which, as well as almost all the European languages, she speaks admirably, and expressed herself in the most flattering manner. I had thus to my great satisfaction a favourable opportunity for contemplating her. Her features beamed with hope and happiness.


How grateful, in truth, she has reason to be to Providence, who has been pleased to lavish upon her all earthly blessings, and who has not counterbalanced the most brilliant of fortunes by secret sorrows !

In her husband she possesses the handsomest prince of the age ; and this husband is entirely devoted to her, adoring her as a mistress, and respecting her as a master. In the heir to her throne she possesses a son whom she idolizes,

adding another to the many joys which fall to her share ; while her own character displays the firmness of a man with the attractive gentleness of a woman. A people, enthusiastically prostrate at her feet, attribute to her none of the evil, and bless her for all the good that occurs. What a destiny and what an existence !

Could anything be more eminently poetic than this charming youthful sovereign, before whom one of the most powerful nations of the earth bent submissively ! The proud and formidable sceptre of mighty Albion was there, in the hand of a delicate and graceful nymph ; and that sceptre appeared not to weigh down the fair hand that held it, which, nevertheless, seemed only made to lift the lightest gauze or garlands of flowers. In her were united the artless animation of the young girl, and the noble dignity of the illustrious sovereign ; and the effect was enchanting. What a mixture of weakness and strength ! What an evidence of the absolute power of an established principle of government : a reed ruling over oaks, a flower arbitress of the world !

The apartments of Buckingham Palace were splendidly decorated, particularly the banquet-



hall, at the end of which glittered a most magnificent display of gold and silver plate. On one side was the refreshment room, which attracted my attention from its being hung with cashmere embroidered in gold; it had been formerly, in India, the tent of Tippoo Saib.


On being presented to Prince Albert, who condescended to question me respecting my travels in Europe, I spoke to him, at some length of his brother, in whose company I had supped with the King of Saxony, when the Prince came to Dresden to introduce his wife to that Court; the newly-married Princess was daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. Queen Victoria's husband is, as is well known, a remarkably handsome man, such as the imagination of a romance writer would select for the model of the heroes he presents to his admiring readers. He is said to be serious and cold; I found him, on the contrary, full of animation and courtesy. His mode of expressing himself was as pleasing as his reception of me was affable; he speaks French most elegantly. My conversation with him only ceased when Her Majesty opened the ball

by a quadrille with the Prince of Saxe Coburg, husband of the Princess Clementine.*

Accustomed to the *fêtes* of Paris, where it is usual to *walk* through a quadrille, I was delighted to witness a ball where real dancing was in fashion. The orchestra was perfect, and the *coup-d'œil* of the ball-room dazzling. The Queen of England has the prettiest little foot in the world, and she dances in the most charming manner; it is said, moreover, that being mistress of every accomplishment, she sings enchantingly. How many crowns at one and the same time are hers!

In each of the *salons* of the palace a throne and dais were erected; as soon as the youthful sovereign had finished dancing in one apartment, she re-commenced in the next, her arrival in and departure from each room being announced by the national air of "God save the Queen." All this gave a new impulse to the fête, as from Her Majesty's constantly changing her position, each of the ladies seated in the different *salons* had the satisfaction in turns of seeing her pass close to them. What a throng of pretty women!

* The Princess of Saxe Coburg danced in the same quadrille with Prince George of Cambridge.



what exquisitely delicate features resembling the faces in the Keepsake! It is necessary to mix in the first London society, if we wish to form an idea of what an assembly of beauty really is, the country *par excellence* for poetic expression of countenance is England.

None of these unbecoming black coats, which ought to be only worn at funerals were to be seen; the gentlemen were in uniform, and some great Scottish lords wore the costume of their respective clans.* Gold and precious stones alone were visible, gleaming amid flowers and lace; beside the garland of the graces sparkled the arms of the brave with a different brilliancy, but with equal effect, in varied but complete harmony. There, in the presence of the Queen, amid the melody of festive music and the glitter of countless wax-lights, all seemed radiant of love and glory!

I quitted the ball-room about two o'clock in the morning, and soon after was on the Black-wall Railway proceeding towards the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. This most curious route

* Among the latter was Lord Lorne, son of the Duke of Argyll. The Scotch reel was danced in the course of the evening.

can only be compared to that of the *Diable boiteux*; like Asmodeus we go along over the tops of buildings, above roofs and streets; suspended in the air, we glide over the heads of a numerous population, we even pass through several houses.* Leaving the train, I visited the magnificent West India Docks and then embarked on the Thames. Beside me in the steamer was seated a short hump-backed female, whose appearance was nevertheless rather *distinguée*. "She is pretty," said I in a low voice to my next neighbour. He replied coldly in French. "*Elle a du relief*."

The Governor of the Royal Arsenal, Lord Bloomfield, conducted me over the different parts of the establishment, and regaled me with an excellent *déjeuner*. From the windows twenty-four thousand cannons, and two millions five hundred thousand balls might be counted; add to this number twelve thousand pieces of artillery in various sea-ports, and all those on board of the English vessels, and the total is prodigious.

I was assured that in 1814 England pos-

* On this line there is a rope by which the railway carriages are drawn, and which cost £3,700.

sessed more than a thousand ships of war, mustering altogether forty thousand guns, besides about twenty-five thousand in her merchant vessels. There are at this moment in the arsenal a great number of cannons, carbines, sabres, colours, and gongs taken in the recent war with China. I was much amused by certain military costumes of the degenerate sons of Gengis Khan, who imagined they should frighten their enemies by dressing themselves up like tigers. Shortly after, these *tigers* ran away like *rabbits*.

At Woolwich two cannon balls are shown which have been three hundred years under water; immediately on their being exposed to the air they broke in pieces, and a soldier, putting one of these pieces in his pocket, had his coat singed by it. Can this be accounted for?

Before the walls of the arsenal is an extensive plain, and beside it a garden resembling, in its pleasing variety of aspect, a Swiss valley. Flocks are seen grazing; and over pretty streamlets, all kinds of military bridges have been thrown. The soldiers resort to the groves of this warlike Thessaly, which is called the Military Repository, for the purpose of felling and squaring timber, building and ma-

nœuvring ; and nothing can be more picturesque than the sight of these herdsmen in uniform, these shepherd warriors scattered about beneath the trees on the banks of the streams, along the greensward, or in the midst of the flocks.

In one of the apartments at Woolwich I was shewn a great curiosity ; the ashes of the bank-notes burnt during the last war with France, as fast as they were paid in : of these, one hundred and forty-four thousand were daily consigned to the flames, and this lasted thirteen months : their collected ashes form a little blue mound. Not far from these is a piece of mechanism endowed with perpetual motion ; a little ball on a tray running incessantly to and fro, and acting upon the works of a clock so as to keep it always going. No one has touched it for thirty-five years ; during that time it has never stopped once, and runs on still.* Wherever we go we are sure to meet with some souvenir of Napoleon : I was taken to a coach-house where is kept the train of the carriage which bore the coffin containing the Emperor's

* In the arsenal, is a dépôt of saddlery, sufficient for the equipment of ten thousand draught horses.

body to his grave, beneath the willow of St. Helena. This train formerly supported his *calèche*.

One fine July morning I started for Windsor, and was rapidly conveyed thither by railway. Shortly before I had seen the celebrated University of Oxford, and Eton College, where Henry VII was educated.* Both enchanted me; but I shall not attempt to describe either, for who has not already read of them.

Windsor, founded by Edward III.—Windsor, the *beau idéal* of gothic castles, far surpassed my most fanciful expectations; it combines all the splendour of the middle ages with all the luxury of civilisation. From the summit of the round tower, which is surrounded by a vast circle of other towers, turrets, keeps, porticoes and galleries, (for Windsor is of itself a mass of I know

* Eton, which has the appearance of a fortified cloister, was founded by Henry VI; I was shewn the different buildings of the college in the most polite manner by the Rev. E. C. Hawtrej. Fox and Canning were educated here, and the names of both, written by themselves, may be seen above the forms on which they sat in school. The number of scholars at Eton amounts to seven hundred.

not how many gothic castles,) a wondrous panorama is displayed to view ; the country around is a garden without end, where nature has scattered as if by handful her most beauteous marvels. In this royal abode, what a succession of *salons*, knightly halls, trophies of chivalry, domes and museums ! Here are to be found the busts and portraits of all the great personages of England. In this fine national palace, the absurdity of exhibiting only Greeks and Romans to public admiration has been avoided ; good taste has dictated the re-union here of the immortal spirits of the land. Nevertheless, I may here address a word of reproach to Great Britain ; at Windsor, as well as at Westminster, the image of a great man is wanting—in either place, we look in vain for Lord Byron.*

In one of the magnificent apartments of the castle is the mast, against which Nelson leant for support after he was mortally wounded ; beneath it lies the fatal bullet, encircled by

* I have nowhere seen a monument to his glory. I was assured that a statue of the great poet, by Thorwaldsen, had been refused admittance into Westminster Abbey.

numerous trophies. Among the most remarkable halls, I shall cite those of St. George and Waterloo,* and particularly that of Vandyke.†

The gothic chapel of Windsor, which contains the beautiful monument to the Princess Charlotte is one of those spots which not only charm the eye, but also the imagination ; we are there in the midst of past and present glories. As to the adjoining park, it is a continued succession of enchanting tracts of land united in one single garden. I drove in a light carriage through endless woods and groves, and though my horses flew like the wind, my excursion occu-

* In this hall are portraits of all the historical characters of 1816 ; Charles X., the Emperor of Austria, Pope Pius VII., Alexander, Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Duke de Richelieu, Schwarzenberg, Blucher, Castlereagh, Canning, &c. Alas ! all these are now in the grave ; those who still survive form a small minority, namely, Metternich, Nesselrode, and Wellington.

† The stranger here pauses with emotion before the portrait of Charles I. surrounded by his wife Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV., and his children. It was one of Vandyke's master-pieces.

pied six hours ; and even then, I had only seen a small portion of the park ;* it is true, that I selected the most poetical part, namely, Virginia Water. This spot is a veritable Switzerland with its lakes, its mountains, and its cascades.

The environs of London are enchantingly beautiful. Richmond Park is renowned for its scenery. The royal palace at Hampton Court † possesses a set of invaluable cartoons by Raphael ; in the gardens there is a vine a hundred and ten feet in length, which produces annually one thousand two hundred pounds of grapes.

I was admitted, when in London, to the Travellers' Club and the Athenæum ; but seldom profited by the privilege accorded me. I preferred the *salons* where I could enjoy the agreeable society of ladies to these clubs ; magnificent they are indeed, but from them the most amiable portion of the human race is exiled. Nevertheless, the clubs of London deserve particular mention.

* The colossal statue of George IV., erected on a pile of stones at the summit of a hill, has a very fine effect.

† The palace of Hampton Court was given by Wolsey to Henry VIII. ; the gift, however, was not one of love, but of despair. *A propos* of noble mansions, let me mention here that of the Duchess of Sutherland in

They are real palaces, with drawing-rooms, galleries, and libraries, where all kinds of food, bodily and mental, lavishly abound ; it is, moreover, extremely difficult to obtain admission to them.* At the Athenæum, of which there are one thousand two hundred and fifty members, fifty at least of them being princes, dukes, and other peers of the realm, a new member can only be admitted on a vacancy occurring, and frequently for this vacancy there are from one thousand to eleven hundred applicants. When I was there, the first name to be ballotted for had been nine years on the list ; it may possibly remain there some time longer.

In the splendid *salons* of these clubs one meets with a multitude of distinguished personages ; I made the acquaintance there of many amiable men, and I also heard there a singular story. It runs as follows :—

London. Nothing can be more sumptuous than the staircase, which is used as a concert hall. In one of the picture galleries, among Vandykes and Murillos, is the celebrated painting of Lord Strafford by Paul Delaroche.

* Only ten foreigners can be admitted into the Athenæum.

CHAPTER II.

THE SKELETON'S TOOTH.

LORD James Wildson was passionately enamoured in London of one of those beauties full of grace and *abandon*, who soon fall in love and as soon forget ; who, when smitten for the third or fourth time, imagine they never loved before ; and who are persuaded that every sentiment they feel is lasting, and that every word they utter is true, and deceive others with the best intentions possible.

Wildson had spent a great part of his patrimony. In whatever position destiny might have placed him, he would have spent all he had. Had he been a lawyer, he would have lived upon his clients ; if a shopkeeper, upon his shop ; if a soldier, upon his ammunition ; if a husband, upon his wife ; if a king, upon his people.

In other respects he was a good-hearted fellow,

neither wanting in courage nor in honesty, and was inclined to do what was right, although he had committed so many follies. The worst evil, on attaining manhood, does not always consist in forsaking the path of honour, but in losing all relish for it. James, in the buoyant emotions of his heart, was full of enthusiasm and imagination. Yes, *imagination*, for there are poets in the highest as well as the most mediocre conditions of life, although they may never have written anything. Many are here on earth who have never composed a single line, and whose lives, nevertheless, are admirable poems.

Wildson's favourite beauty, Mrs. Burnwood, was a widow; she professed to have adored her husband, which was by no means impossible; she boasted of her fidelity to his memory, which was not proved so clearly. At all events, however this might have been, Lord James rejoiced in the happy conviction that, as far as constancy and love went, Jenny Burnwood, simple, pure, and blameless, was a model for other women.

Wildson was one day seated at table at a grand *déjeuner* with several of his gay com-

panions, when he was thus addressed by a young Frenchman named d'Haumond, somewhat excited by wine.

"Well, my friend, are you still entangled in the net of the same fair one? So virtuous a constancy becomes alarming; I fear with all this confiding fidelity, such as we read of in Amadis de Gaul, you will lose your senses at last. Take care that it doesn't bring on an illness."

"It is his good fortune," said another.

"Yes, *his* certainly, for he buys it."

"No, for he who buys pays," replied Sir George Derwing, one of the lions of the revel. Now, James is short of cash at present; he has lately spent the legacy of his last aunt, and he has nothing to look forward to but a great uncle, who is remarkably hale and tough: one of those foolish old men who live as long as they possibly can, and of whom there is no getting rid."

"Our friend James," interrupted Lord Fitzmoon, "is sufficiently handsome not to be obliged to empty his purse and open his heart at the same time. A truce with raillery, for he

is a likely man to demand satisfaction for it; namely, the satisfaction of getting run through the body."

"My dear Wildson," continued Sir George, "you look at your divinity with the eyes of imagination."

"And imagination," interrupted the young Frenchman, "is like a scene in a theatre, where all appears magnificence at a distance; approach nearer, and it is a mere daub."

"You must know," pursued Sir George, "that I have heard an amazingly good story of your virtuous Jenny. A few years ago she was desperately in love with a handsome French artist, a tall young fellow with a fine figure, who gave her lessons in lithography. Why, you look quite horror-struck—as bewildered as a hen who thinks she has hatched some pretty little chickens, and sees instead a lot of ducklings taking to the water."

"Sir George," cried James indignantly, "it is an atrocious calumny. Where is this Alexis?"

"He is dead."

"Of love?"

"Not exactly: of want."

"And you dare to affirm to me," continued Wildson, "that Mrs. Burnwood loved him?"

"Most positively, my dear fellow; Jenny was billing and cooing for Alexis, while Alexis lithographed for Jenny. A charming duet."

"It is false."

"There's candour for you," replied Lord Fitzmoon gaily. "He actually fancied he was his chaste sweetheart's first love."

"If any one could prove the contrary," retorted Wildson violently, "I would start off this instant."

"Where to?"

"China."

"You would really?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"An oath! good; this is growing tragic."

"You go to China?" cried Fitzmoon. "I'll bet you wouldn't."

"What will you bet?"

"Five hundred guineas."

"Done! they are mine," exclaimed Wildson.

"George, go on with your story."

"Well, then, Jenny was so tenderly attached to her Alexis that she loaded him with all kinds of presents; rings, slippers, watches, boxes, albums, all marked with her initial, a delicate and magnificent J crowned with laurels or roses; for she is passionately fond of initials, it is a monomania with her. There, look at James's pin!"

"True enough: a J in diamonds."

"And his ring, a J in the shape of a serpent."

"And his cravat, a tie in the form of a J."

"Ah!" cried d'Haumont, "if I had all those belonging to Alexis, what a regiment of capital letters they would make."

"What a series of proofs!"

"Hush, gentlemen," remarked the Frenchman, "do not let us be too hard on the J's."

"Let me finish my story," continued Sir George Derwing. "This unfortunate artist was addicted to gambling, and all his J's were soon pawned; he died in the most abject misery, the Lord knows where."

"If he died in China, Lord James!" ex-

claimed d'Haumond, laughing immoderately, "you might go and weep over his tomb."

"I think I see you already at Pekin," said Lord Fitzmoon to his friend; "bring us some opium when you return!"

"With your own money," replied Wildson; "get ready your five hundred guineas!"

James felt inclined to be angry, but there was no way of struggling against the torrent of raillery that assailed him on all sides. Moreover, there was no mixture of bitterness or insult in the banter of his companions; it was gaiety without gall—the barbs were venomless.

The *déjeuner* being over, several parties of pleasure were proposed.

"Let us visit the anatomical cabinet of the celebrated Doctor Churchman," said Lord Fitzmoon to Sir George.

"Willingly," replied the latter.

"But after the good breakfast we have just made," remarked James, jestingly, "do you think seeing dissections will improve our digestion?"

"I don't suppose," answered Sir George, "that one fattens under the knife."

"Instead of our bodies," interposed Fitzmoon, "let us dissect each other's minds."

"Very good," cried d'Haumond; "but shall we have material there to work upon?"

The company adjourned to the house of the famous anatomist. He lived in a retired neighbourhood in a remote part of London, and his cabinet, full of all kinds of curiosities, attracted crowds to his abode. There were to be seen Egyptian mummies, antediluvian bones and modern skeletons. Here, by mechanism or electricity, the carcasses of several rare little animals were frisking about; there were pompously exposed to view embryo abortions and monstrosities, comicalities more or less dismal, and horrors more or less ridiculous. The effect of all this was intended to be gloomy; but at times it more resembled burlesque. At the end of a narrow gallery was a sort of vaulted cellar, the aspect of which was striking: a long row of skeletons were ranged upright against the walls. These walls were hung with black, and this diminutive catacomb was only lit by a sepulchral lamp; in this gloomy chamber one seemed to breathe the air of the dead.

Doctor Churchman had himself dissected the corpses of this funereal assembly ; he knew the names of each, and could almost have related their histories : he had made himself intimately acquainted with them when alive, and still more so when dead.

Lord James Wildson, a little excited by his excellent morning meal, approached an enormous skeleton which stood at one of the angles of the vault.

"This fine fellow," said he to himself, "must have been very handsome when alive. What an admirable frame!"

Suddenly the idea occurred to him that he would get possession of a fragment of the defunct, just as one seeks to obtain the autograph of a personage whose fame is immortal. He mounted on a stool, and taking an opportunity when nobody was looking at him, snatched away one of the skeleton's teeth.

The enterprise was crowned with immediate success ; the corpse had not in the slightest degree attempted to dispute the possession of its relic with its assailant, but had held out its jaw as gracefully as it could : and Wildson,

proud of his victory, put his trophy in his pocket without having time to look at it. The tooth was an *incisor*.

The visit to Dr. Churchman's cabinet being terminated, the jovial band resolved, in order to end the day agreeably, to make a party of pleasure to the environs of London. Wildson, Fitzmoon, Sir George and d'Haumond had their horses and carriages in waiting, and they started for Greenwich.

There their gaiety broke out anew; now they were running races, now tilting in boats, and at last a dinner *sur l'herbe* was determined on, and wines of every kind were procured.

"I swallow like a gulf," said Fitzmoon to d'Haumond, "and drink like a sponge."

Each tried his utmost to say the silliest, and do the most extravagant things, and all were engaged in disputing who had the best claim to the palm of folly.

One alone of the number, Lord James Wildson, had suffered from these mad freaks. While going to order dinner at a neighbouring tavern his horse reared and fell, throw-

ing his rider into a ditch of gravelly soil. The young nobleman's face was cut, his jaw and lips streamed with blood, and some of his teeth were broken.

He rose with difficulty, and was disabled from taking any further share in the joyous merriment of his boon companions. Obligated to wrap a handkerchief round the lower part of his face, he could neither eat nor drink ; and at length the increasing pain compelled him to quit the party.

Returning home in a deplorable condition, he threw himself on his bed worn out with suffering and fatigue. Not only was his face disfigured by the fall, but his senses were stupified with wine, and his body was bruised in many places. He became a prey to the most melancholy thoughts.

"I have stolen a tooth from a skeleton," said he, "and here am I with I don't know how many of my own teeth gone, and perhaps some of them *incisors* ! It is very evident that Providence has chastised my temerity ; I am punished as I sinned. My horse, which is not habitually vicious, must surely have chosen this

very day to rear and throw me, solely that my teeth might be broken by it?"*

This observation was not exactly correct. But when a man's jaw is out of order, he is not likely to think of polishing his phrases ; in such a case it is not a *purist* but a *dentist* that is wanted. When, owing to some lamentable accident, he sees nothing but gums, he does not need a grammar but a set of teeth.

"I feel quite convinced," he resumed, "though I dare not make sure of it, that I have at least one tooth broken, and it will be lucky if I do not lose three or four ; however, we shall see to-morrow morning. One of my front teeth out ! that would be horrible. Jenny has often told me she could not endure such a thing ; the very sight of it affects her nerves. Bless me, if a tooth should cost me a heart, there would be an *incisive* pain. Ah ! what word have I

* This passage in the original French contains an untranslatable *jeu de mots*. It runs thus : " Ne fallait-il pas que mon cheval, qui habituellement ne s'emporte jamais, prit justement aujourd'hui le *mors-aux-dents*, . . . et cela pour briser les *miennes* !"

uttered ; I shall go mad with rage—mad, and yet unable to bite !”

The poor fellow grew feverish ; he fell into a lethargic torpor that was neither waking nor sleeping, but a drowsiness without repose, a nightmare with his eyes wide open.

After lying in this state several hours, he fancied he saw on a sudden a thick vapour expanding around : and this vapour seemed to be funereal, and to exhale an odour of the grave. He imagined that his body was about to be delivered up as if it were in Churchman's cabinet, to the dissecting instruments. He heard a strange clock strike the ghostly hour of midnight ; he no longer saw the walls of his chamber, but the cypress and yew trees of a vast cemetery. A multitude of tombs were before him with their inscriptions and grave-stones ; a few dismal voices, sounding from underneath these tombs, chanted the litany for the dying. The bed on which Wildson lay appeared to him to become a sarcophagus hung with black, spotted with silver, and surmounted by plumes of white feathers. Lord James shivered in every limb ; his hair stood upright with terror, and he believed his last hour was come.

The disc of the moon illumined the resting-place of the dead ; its rays, pallid and of an unearthly blueish hue, stole through the dark cypresses of the burial-ground. One might have fancied they were about to conjure up spectres. And, indeed, from a newly-dug grave upon which a modest cross of black wood had alone been placed, there suddenly rose a frightful figure. Heavens, it was a huge skeleton ! It advanced, cracking its bones as it came, to Wildson's funeral bier, and there in a sepulchral tone uttered these terrible words :

"Lord James, do you know me again?"

The young Englishman's blood froze with horror.

The very skeleton was standing upright before him, on which he had committed his unworthy theft at Doctor Churchman's. Wildson strove to rise from his recumbent position ; but he was as it were paralysed. He tried at least to answer, but could scarcely open his lips.

The skeleton grinned mockingly at him.

"Robber, give me back my tooth !" it resumed, sneering as it spoke.

Lord James looked round for the clothes he had worn the evening before, and especially for

the waistcoat where he had placed the fatal incisor; but they had all disappeared, and he had nothing on him but a winding-sheet.

"Give me back the tooth you took from me!" repeated the skeleton, gnashing his jaws horribly.

James strove in vain to answer.

"You are silent, infamous robber," continued the threatening apparition. "Well, I will give myself redress; I will take from your jaw the incisor which is wanting in mine. Open your mouth; come, be quick: we shall thus get a tooth from each other, or rather in spite of each other."

The ghostly operator with these words, leant over Wildson's bed and untied his handkerchief: its fleshless fingers then separated the lips of its victim. It grasped a small pair of pincers, and thrust them into his mouth; then, with the dexterity of the most skilful quack doctor on his temporary stage at a large fair, it extracted an incisor.

Lord James gave a horrible cry which was answered by a burst of laughter; and while the vision dissolved in air, the unhappy Englishman

muttered in a smothered tone, "Phantom! *je m'évanouis*."*

But, did he really swoon away? This fact was never clearly proved. The sun had long risen above the banks of the Thames when Wildson opened his eyes. Was he awaking out of the *arms of Morpheus*, as an ancient writer would have said, or from the *fever of delirium*, as a modern author would express it? It matters little. Wildson's look was haggard. He could hardly persuade himself that he had returned to life; however, he was certainly in his own room, free from yew-trees, cypresses, tombs and cemetery. There was no sarcophagus, no burial service, no moonbeams, nor skeleton. Could it be only a terrible dream after all?

* The French word has been retained here, from the impossibility of otherwise preserving the *jeu de mots*, the verb *s'évanouir* having two significations, to vanish and to faint; in the first of which it is synonymous with *s'évaporer*, which occurs in the preceding part of the sentence. The original passage stands thus, "et tandis que la vision *s'évaporerait*, le malheureux Anglais, sans penser aucunement à faire un jeu de mots, disait d'une voix étouffée, 'Fantôme, je *m'évanouis*.'" .

An acute sensation of pain in his mouth drew from him a sharp cry. His handkerchief was no longer tied over his lips ; he raised his hand to feel his teeth. Ah ! was it possible ? an incisor was wanting. One similar to that of which he had robbed the skeleton, and precisely that tooth which the skeleton had in its turn taken from him.

It was no dream then ! Wildson no longer doubted the reality of the nocturnal scene. He might, nevertheless, in the agitation of his uneasy sleep, after having got rid of the handkerchief, have himself taken out the tooth which had been broken the day before, and which only hung loosely in his mouth. He might afterwards have flung it away and lost it. This was not improbable, but Lord James never even thought of it ; he could not believe that he had dreamt ; he vowed he had not slept, and would willingly swear as much if necessary.

His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his valet Tom.

"My Lord, Mrs. Burnwood is here. She has heard of your Lordship's accident. May she come in ?"

"Certainly."

"My poor James," said the fair widow in one of her tenderest tones, and with one of her most sympathising smiles; "what has happened? Tell me! have you had a fall from your horse?"

"It's too true, Jenny."

"But no serious accident, I hope?"

"Only a broken tooth, dearest."

"Oh, mercy on us! that is indeed serious. A tooth out, how horrible! it is so disfiguring to the face. Is it an eye-tooth, or a back tooth?"

"Neither, Jenny, it is an incisor."

"And in front of the mouth! Gracious heaven, you make me shudder. Get me some salts—some ether—a little water, I feel faint."

"Jenny, dear Jenny, be calm. I am much better."

"A front tooth out!"

"You make me shudder now," replied James, sadly. "A tooth is a trifling loss, it might have been much worse."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. Why, you are in tears!"

"Let me see it—open your mouth."

"There, Jenny, look at it."

"It is horrible."

"Jenny ! Is that all the consolation you have for me ?"

"You had such beautiful teeth."

"I have still thirty-one left."

"Listen to me, James," resumed the susceptible widow in a tone of serious anxiety. "It is most important that the tooth should be replaced as soon as possible, this very morning, before any one sees you. Not on my account, I do not care in the least about it ; but the world, you know. People would laugh and I should feel hurt."

"I feel more hurt than any one else."

"So I suppose. Have you a dentist ?"

"Yes, and what is more, a tooth."

"Pooh ! Pooh !"

"And one exactly like the tooth I lost, a magnificent incisor."

"And you have got from—"

"The other world."

"What are you saying, my dear friend, without a smile and in so a grave tone ? You alarm me, you must be feverish."

"I might well be in a fever, I assure you. But never mind that, Jenny; I will repair the misfortune, and then, the incisor once replaced, you will always love me; will you not?"

"How can you ask me such a question? I have never loved any but you."

"Never any but me! delightful assurance!"

"Yes, you alone, and you always. My dear friend, even last night, hoping to please you, I finished working this for you."

And, as she spoke, she gave him an elegant Greek cap of green velvet, embroidered in silver, on which glittered a J in gold beneath a myrtle crown.

"Thank you," replied Wildson coldly. "It is my turn now to please you. There, take the waistcoat which lies on that arm chair, and in the pocket you will find a tooth; I am sure it will fit me admirably."

"You have been making a purchase?"

"No, an exchange."

"How?"

"I have made an exchange."

"Certainly," said the fair widow to herself, "his head wanders this morning; the

shock of the fall must have unsettled his brain !”

With this she went in search of Wildson's waistcoat, and instantly put her hand in the pockets. What was her surprise on finding a tooth there ! she took it up to examine it. A sudden cry escaped her, a cry of grief and alarm. She became pale as death ; her knees trembled ; her sight failed her, and she sank half fainting on a chair beside the bed. Lord James appeared thunderstruck ; he could not understand this strange occurrence. Could anything supernatural have suddenly affected his beloved ? Was the mysterious trophy which he had concealed in his waistcoat only to leave it for the purpose of some unaccountable illusion ? He rang the bell, which was answered by his valet ; and while Tom endeavoured to restore Mrs. Burnwood to consciousness, he drew from her hand the skeleton's fatal tooth, and in his turn examined it with the closest attention. Gracious powers ! it was an artificial tooth ! when the dissected body was alive it must have had a false incisor !

Suddenly a cold perspiration came over the

young Englishman's brow ; he had just perceived on the skeleton's tooth a most singular impression. The incisor had once been a love token ; an initial was engraven on it ; and Heavens ! that initial was a J.

Mrs. Burnwood had by this time revived ; but Lord James Wildson did not ask her to explain the circumstance. He pretended to be seized with a violent paroxysm of fever, which appeared to deprive him of all his faculties, and Jenny retired in alarm.

"Fetch Dr. Churchman hither," said Lord James immediately to his valet, "I require his aid."

An hour afterwards the celebrated anatomist entered the chamber of the young invalid.

"My dear Doctor," said Wildson to him, after having previously related his accident of the preceding evening ; "your cabinet has left a deep impression on my mind. Can you inform me whose was the tall skeleton which I admired so much at the end of your cellar ?"

"In the angle to the right ?"

"Exactly."

"That of a young artist, a poor orphan, en-

tirely without fortune; but one of the handsomest youths I ever dissected."

"And what was his profession?"

"That of a painter."

"And his name?"

"Alexis."

Lord James stifled a melancholy sigh.

"Doctor, in your cabinet, I must confess it to my shame, yesterday I stole a tooth."

"Pooh!"

"The tooth of one of your skeletons."

And, while the celebrated anatomist stood in utter amazement at the avowal, Wildson, although he had nothing now to fear from his rival, vowed secretly never to see Jenny more.

"Yes, Doctor, I have stolen an incisor from Alexis's carcase; pardon me for using such a term, but I am half mad, quite beside myself, and as a punishment for my fault, I start off to-morrow."

"Whither?"

"To China."

And thus saying, he rang the bell.

"Tom, go to Lord Fitzmoon and tell him to let me know this evening what quantity

of opium he requires from Pekin, and also to send me the money for my travelling expenses."

"How much, my lord?"

"Five hundred guineas."

CHAPTER III.

THE railway from London to Liverpool traverses a rich and fertile country; I had left London at six o'clock, A.M., and arrived about three in the afternoon at Birmingham.*

This great manufacturing city, situated in the midst of a beautiful valley, with its multitudes of steam chimneys, appeared to me through the passing clouds like a forest of obelisks. The thick vapours which covered this region of furnaces, boilers, and locomotive engines gave it a strangely gloomy aspect. I staid there only a short time, but sufficiently long, nevertheless, to form an idea of the activity of its commerce, the bustle of its manufactories, and the per-

* Such admirable regulations are observed on the English railroads, that it seems impossible for an accident to occur on them.

fection of its machinery. There is nothing like it in France.

And yet I could not avoid thinking, while examining these prodigies of civilisation, what an amount of vice and corruption they bring with them, what sufferings they have cost, and what immorality they have produced. But is not civilisation a giant phantom, at once mother and stepmother, a diadem and badge of slavery, that unheard of assemblage of contrasts to form part of which may be to us, when we reflect, a source at once of shame and glory? In like manner as we are tempted to inquire, when we behold its many degrading ways, "*Camest thou from crime and ledest thou unto it?*" may we not also on beholding its surprising marvels utter these words of enthusiasm; "*Art thou descended from heaven to earth, or wilt thou make a heaven of earth?*"

I had intended crossing over to Ireland through Wales, but that country, abandoned to Rebecca and her daughters, offered then no attraction for tourists; nothing was talked of but riots, pillage, and incendiary fires. The erection of new turnpikes, the tolls of which were exorbitant, had excited the rage of a mob of villagers,

herdsmen, and farm labourers. Armed with guns, swords, sickles, and pitchforks, the rebels rushed from all sides on the turnpikes and the houses of the tax collectors, threw the first down, set the last on fire, and spread alarm throughout the neighbourhood. Each body of insurgents had its leader. But who was Rebecca? One man or many men? Was it a real or a fabulous personage? This is still a mystery. I was assured that the followers of Rebecca had taken the name from this passage of Scripture: "And they blessed Rebecca, and said unto her; thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate thee."—(Gen. c. xxiv. v. 60.)

At all events whether Rebecca was an imaginary or a real personage, her name was attached to every threatening placard and seditious proclamation issued by the rioters. But what was less Scriptural than the verse from Genesis was the name of Rebecca's lieutenant, who was called Miss Cromwell. Was it a young man? Very possibly. Was it a girl? Perhaps.

The insurrection still continues.

I left Birmingham for Liverpool; during the

whole journey charming landscapes passed in rapid succession before me. Here, were fertile pastures watered by clear streams and covered with valuable flocks; there, were smiling groves encircling delightful villas. We met few labourers, but a great number of shepherds; extensive woods and green meads abounded; but the whole scene was enveloped by thin mists, seen as if through a delicate gauze, and illuminated at intervals by the rays of a doubtful sun. From the speed at which we travelled, these objects vanished from my sight like the scenic decorations of a fairy piece. The sudden gleams of light, ever and anon shooting through the fog, increased the magic charm of the picture; they were less powerful than the rays of the sun, but were more brilliant than those of the moon. One would have said that the face of nature appeared at the same time light and dark, transparent and shadowy, diaphanous and obscure.

I remarked all along the road what care was taken to gratify the appetites of the passengers; well furnished sideboards, well served tables were met with at various stations. One thing alone was wanting—money. Plenty of that was indispensable, but in return for it everything that could tempt the palate might be had in a

moment. The English, like the Germans, have a great respect for the material things of life. A German gentleman explained to me one day, in the following manner, what would be the reward of the blest in Paradise, and the punishment of the condemned in Purgatory :

“ To be always at table with a prodigious appetite, and to be continually eating the most delicious dishes, and drinking the most exquisite wines, was Paradise.”

“ Purgatory was to see those in Paradise eating, to stand behind their table ravenously hungry without being able to touch either dish or bottle ; and to be charged, while fasting, with the painful labour of digesting the food of the elect.”

Liverpool is a large and handsome city where all the riches of commerce and industry are displayed ; its docks merit a description which would occupy many pages ; but who has not already heard of Liverpool ?

I embarked for Dublin in boisterous weather ; the sea of Erin was rough and stormy, and almost all on board were seized with violent sickness, and passed a miserable night. As is customary with me, I underwent no physical suffering ; but alone on deck, amid the solemn silence of

night, far from my friends and from my country, my eye sadly fixed on the waves which struck against the vessel, waves agitated as the life of man, I gave myself up entirely to the influence of melancholy thoughts. The immense expanse of sea beneath the boundless heaven strikes us with an irresistible effect. How can we avoid thinking of death and eternity, when the one is under our feet and the other above our heads ! How can we fail to turn our thoughts to Heaven when earth has disappeared from our view ! When far away from the tumults and the gaieties of the world, above these abysses into which the slightest breath of wind may precipitate us, how can we avoid recurring to our past existence, so frequently a source of sorrow to him who has lived long and loved much, and who has consequently wept much and suffered much ! How can we fail to demand of our Creator the beloved beings he gave us and has taken from us, the blessings he accorded to us and which we have lost, the joys we once experienced, and which now have fled from us for ever ! O yes, I repeat, if at night, upon the vast plain of seas, amid the roaring of the waves and the winds we escape physical suffering, we still are a prey to

moral pain. To every feeling heart there comes some recollection followed by tears ; and nothing can then soften the bitterness of regret but prayer.

At the time when I crossed the Irish Channel, nothing was talked of but the shipwreck of the Pegasus on the coast of Scotland. This occurred during fine weather and on a starry night. The captain of the steamer had determined to steer between some unknown rocks, where no one ever thought of risking a vessel. It was about half past twelve, and the passengers had retired quietly to rest. A terrible shock and fearful cries awoke them ; the Pegasus had just struck on a rock, the water poured in on every side with irresistible violence, and the vessel filled rapidly. Men and women rushed, half-dressed, on deck ; many jumped into the boats that lay alongside, but one of the boats sank, owing to a movement of the steamer, and the other disappeared in the yawning gulf of waters in which the Pegasus itself was swallowed. What a scene to describe ! A clergyman was standing on deck. " Kneel," said he to the unfortunates who surrounded him, " there is no hope left in this world ; lift your eyes to the next,

my brethren ! Kneel, and let us die with clasped hands and a prayer on our lips !”

Each prostrated himself on the instant ; no more cries of despair were heard, a mute resignation succeeded to the frenzy of terror. The women, above all, pious victims, awaited death with a calm countenance : one of them held in her arms a newly born infant, and this infant, unconscious of the approaching catastrophe and of its horrors, played with its mother’s fair hair and smiled tenderly on her. What a contrast and what a picture ! The frightful gulf and the bright sky, the sweet smile of the child and the terrified glance of the mother !

The clergyman extended his hands over his fellow-sufferers. “ Christians,” resumed he with a voice solemn as the grave, “ behold the hour of eternity. May your sins be forgiven ! I bless you.” And as he spoke, clergyman, sailors, passengers, all disappeared in the midst of the abyss.

Fifty-five persons were on board the steamer ; and of these fifty-three perished : two sailors alone miraculously escaped, and it was by one of these, an eye witness of the disastrous scene, that the details were related.

I arrived in Dublin on a rainy morning; but the shores of green Erin did not appear to me the less picturesque. Our steamer coasted the mountains of the peninsula of Howth,* and the island called the eye of Ireland:† we then disembarked at Kingstown, and thence a railway conveyed us to the Irish capital.

The first sight of Dublin is most attractive: its bay has been often compared to that of Naples. This fine city admirably situated contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants; it is built of brick, and is on one side washed by the sea, while on the other it is surrounded by the poetic mountains of Wicklow and Killiney. Traversed by the Liffey, it has magnificent quays and broad and level streets: the approach to it has something pleasing, silent, and melancholy,

* The summit of these mountains is five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea. Lord Howth, the proprietor of this peninsula, possesses there a gothic castle; in the centre of the town of Howth are the ancient and curious ruins of an abbey of the thirteenth century.

† On this island may be seen the remains of a church and a convent, where was found the celebrated Gospel, called the Garland of Howth.

which is soothing to the imagination after leaving the noisy city of London. There the mind regains tranquillity and is refreshed; life is not turbulent and unsettled as in Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, where it seems to be hurried along by a whirlwind of steam and locomotion. It is no longer in the bewildering regions of civilisation *en poste*, it has time to pause and take breath. The spirit is in harmony with the national emblem of Ireland, whose device is a harp.

Dublin dates from the year 140; it has therefore existed seventeen centuries: Ptolemy in his map of Ireland called it Eblana.* Saint Patrick,

* Dublin, in the Irish language, was also called *Baise-Atha-Cliath-Duibhlinne*. The site on which it was built was named *Drom-coll-coille*, signifying, in English, Mount Hazelwood, and in French *Montagne du bois des Noisettes*. A chronicler gives the following etymology of Dublin: "Dub, the Daughter of Rodub, was jealous of Aede, the daughter of Echainn-Mac Cnucha, the most beautiful maiden in the land. Dub conducted Aede one day to the place where the Liffey falls into the sea, and passing behind her rival precipitated her amid the waves where she perished. The lover of the victim, Mairgen, started in pursuit of Dub, being informed of her guilt; and as she was in the act of crossing the river, struck

the patron of Ireland, converted the country to Christianity in 448, and built the first church there; he lived one hundred and twenty two years.*

The day after my landing at Dublin, there was a review in the Phoenix Park; Earl de Grey, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had the kindness to place at my disposal his carriage and horses, that I might witness the manœuvring. Phoenix Park, in which there is an obelisk erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington, is charmingly situated; it commands a view over the beautiful and extensive valley of Dublin, and from its highest elevation, upon which is the viceregal lodge, the eye penetrates with delight even to the mountains of Wicklow.

After the review, which, thanks to the courtesy of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Blakeney


her with a stone from his sling and laid her lifeless in the neighbouring bay. Bay in Irish is called *lin*, and thence is derived the name of Dub-lin, the *bay* of *Dub*.

* In 1190, John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, erected a cathedral on the spot where St. Patrick had built his church. This cathedral was destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt in 1370, such as it appears to this day.

afforded me much pleasure, I went to dine at Palmerston House, the residence of Lady Donoughmore, three miles distant from Dublin. This spot had more than one claim to the interest of a French traveller: Lord Donoughmore, a peer of England and Ireland, was in 1816 (previously to his inheriting the title and name he now bears) Colonel Hutchinson, who together with Wilson favoured the escape of Lavalette at the second restoration. Such facts are not to be forgotten.

I conversed with him a long time on the subject; he gave me numerous details respecting this celebrated event, some of which I will now relate.

It is known how Madame de Lavalette rescued her husband from prison. Colonel Hutchinson and Wilson had no share in this; they were only charged to conduct the prisoner to England, which was not the easiest task to perform. Eleven days had elapsed since the famous escape. Lavalette arrived one evening at the Colonel's house in the Rue du Helder; the latter had just returned from placing relays of his own horses on the road from Paris as far as the frontier.




All was ready: the departure was to take place at daybreak. Lavalette did not retire to rest; Hutchinson lay down near him on a sofa. On a sudden, towards midnight, a violent knocking was heard at the *porte-cochère*. The prisoner rose and exclaimed:

"All is lost! they are come to arrest me." Then, reseating himself with a tranquil air, he took his pistols, loaded them with the utmost coolness, and continued:

"Colonel, I will not perish on the scaffold!"

But this was only a false alarm; a drunken man had caused all the noise which had no disastrous result. As soon as morning dawned, Lavalette dressed himself in the uniform of an English general officer; unfortunately he had a long beard, and the English wore none. Moreover, he could not shave himself, and it would have been imprudent to send for a barber; so Colonel Hutchinson undertook the office, and shaved him.

An open cabriolet was waiting at the door, which Lavalette entered together with Captain Wilson. The Colonel, in the dress of an aide-de-camp, galloped on horseback before them



as far as the Barrière de Clichy. There he cried out boldly to the *corps-de-garde* :

“ An English general officer present arms ! ”

The soldiers instantly formed in a line in marching order ; and the fugitive, who was pursued in all directions, was received with military honours.

Farther on, at the city gate, Hutchinson met an officer of *gendarmerie* and his escort in search of Lavalette. He gave up all for lost this time ; however, he rode up to him and addressed him :

“ Comrade,” said he, “ I am preceding an English general who is about to change horses here directly ; but I am faint with fatigue and hunger. Can you tell me where I can obtain some breakfast ? ”

“ Most willingly,” answered the *gendarme*, and he led Hutchinson to the nearest *restaurant*.

“ Now,” resumed the Colonel, “ I shall take it very kind of you if you will breakfast with me. There are only two great nations in Europe, France and England : they have been long enemies, henceforth they shall be such no more.

Let us live like brothers, for there is peace between us."

He offered him his hand cordially, and the French officer, enchanted by his courteous manner, sat down amicably at table beside him.

"Between ourselves," continued Hutchinson, "your Emperor was a great man."

The Colonel had already felt his way, and knew what effect his words would produce.

"Oh, was he not!" exclaimed the *gendarme* with transport; "how glorious and how unfortunate!"

"To the health of Napoleon," said the Englishman raising his glass.

The French officer rose from his seat, and with tears in his eyes pledged the toast. Meanwhile Lavalette changed horses and cleared the dangerous passage.

"Adieu, comrade," resumed Hutchinson, rising from the table. The two officers embraced each other.

The weather was dark and rainy, and hindered the telegraphs from working. The prisoner and his deliverers arrived at Compiègne: there, in front of the inn, where they stopped to

change horses, was a large placard bearing a description of the fugitive.

"My lord, look at that notice," cried the pretended aide-de-camp to the sham officer, "they have not yet caught that rogue Lavalette. Where the deuce has he hid himself, the rascal?"

Shortly after he was in safety.

Hutchinson returned to Paris. On entering the Rue du Helder, he purchased of a crier, "The execution in effigy of Lavalette." The rest is known: he was arrested and kept a close prisoner, and at length was transferred to the court of assize, and confronted with the officer of *gendarmes*. His defence was undertaken by Dupin.* The result, as far as he was concerned, was imprisonment for eight months, and a fine of twenty thousand francs; but those days of emotion and peril are not the less ranked by him among the most pleasurable recollections of his life.

* "I swear to you," said the Colonel to his judges pointing to the French *gendarme* who was accused together with himself: "I swear to you before God, that this man is as innocent of Lavalette's escape as a new-born child." The Frenchman was acquitted.

Colonel Hutchinson, after the battle of Waterloo, had been charged to convey to England forty-nine prisoners of distinction, among whom were the Generals Cambronne and Maison who were afterwards exchanged. Cambronne had a terrible wound which was on the point of mortifying.

"My surgeon shall dress your wound," said Hutchinson to him.

"No, leave me alone," answered Cambronne ;
"I ought to have died at Waterloo !"

The handsomest public building in Dublin is the Bank of Ireland ; the architecture of its *façade*, supported by numerous columns, is imposing.* Near it in the same square is Trinity College founded by Queen Elizabeth : its various buildings, with their courts, garden, and domestic offices give it the appearance of a small town. Not far from this, on the Liffey, is Carlisle Bridge leading to Sackville Street, one of the finest streets in the world. In the centre of it is a tall column, the effect of which

* Opposite to it is an equestrian statue of William III.

is majestic and noble : it was erected in honour of Nelson.*

The shape of the hackney carriages in Dublin is singular ; the cabriolets, called cars, resemble the *drowsky* of St. Petersburg ; the passengers are seated on the side of the vehicle, back to back with the coachman while the horse gallops at a rapid rate. Ireland is considered extremely damp, and is subject to frequent rains ; but the wind which is usually prevalent there dries the ground rapidly. In the centre of Dublin is the Castle where are the apartments of the Lord Lieutenant, the government offices, and the lodgings of numerous civil and military officials. In 1223 it was an embattled fortress with a drawbridge, but it is now nothing more than a

* It dates only from 1808. The streets of Dublin are not paved, but the ground is solid and even, and carriages roll along without jolting or noise. I wish all cities had the same advantages. Among the handsome buildings of Dublin, the Post Office, the Custom House, the Exchange, the College of Surgeons, and the Royal Society must be mentioned. Dublin has its squares as well as London ; the finest is Stephens' Green, where is an equestrian statue of George II. The square is surrounded by iron railings, and is nearly half a league in circumference.

gloomy government residence, the exterior of which presents an incongruous assemblage of every kind of architecture. In the interior are some handsome apartments, especially St. Patrick's hall, where the viceregal fêtes are held, and the gothic chapel, where are images of the virgin, of the patron saint of Ireland, and of the ancient King Brian-Boroihme. The adjoining tower, the Record-office, is inhabited by the learned keeper of the archives, Sir William Betham.* A narrow and dark staircase leads to his curious abode, which recalled to my mind the laboratories of the magicians and the turrets of the astrologers which Walter Scott delighted to describe. Sir William Betham was surrounded by old books and scientific parchments. Ireland, the country where most of the Celtic manuscripts have been preserved, was discovered by the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, who took possession of it 1200 years before the Christian era. According to Sir William Betham, Fingal† flourished in the second century. I saw in his

* This building contains the papers, books, maps, and archives of the government.

† Fingal *Fia* signified *white*, and *gal* a *stranger*. The *white stranger* came from Scotland.

possession some authentic manuscripts of Ossian, refuting the prevalent assertion that the poetry of the illustrious bard had never existed except in Macpherson's imagination. The keeper of the archives read me a translation in verse made by himself of an inedited poem of the son of Fingal, entitled *Conan-Maol*. The work is of a humorous character.* The king of foggy meteors, if we may judge by this light and playful production, must have had more than one string to his lyre.

Conducted by the amiable Major Richard Parker, I visited the University; this vast establishment, the valuable library of which I much admired, possesses about fifteen hundred scholars, of whom three hundred reside in the college. I was shewn, in the great public examination hall where a splendid banquet was given to George IV, an organ of huge dimensions, which was taken it is said near the Giant's Causeway, on board one of the shipwrecked vessels of the invincible Armada. Queen Elizabeth presented it to the college.

* The fairy Cab-an-Dasain is the heroine. Ossian appears to have written more than one poem of this description, but Macpherson only chose to publish his serious compositions.

But what could have been the use of this organ in a ship of war? Was it intended to play during battle? Or was a *Te Deum* to be sung to it after the contest? These questions must remain unanswered. If the organ, supposing that it did come from Spain, had been tuned in harmony with the destiny of the fleet, what a *De profundis* it would have played!

I went over the ancient house of Parliament, and saw there the process of making bank-notes: a machine invented by a certain Oldham produces notes daily to the value of about £8,000. This wonderful piece of mechanism performs by itself the office of I know not how many workmen and artificers. It prepares and moistens the paper by a pneumatic process; it makes the ink with the dregs of wine which are formed into a paste at Frankfort. It engraves itself the plates, on which are a number of heads and figures; it consumes the smoke of the fire which sets it going without either chimney or pipe; it prints the pictures and the letters without the interference of any one; it stamps a different number on every note as it is completed, unassisted by any hand; and finally, this skilful magician, coining money with the

rapidity of lightning, not only robs its employers of nothing, but by the varied and perfect details of its invisible labour, baffles all possibility of forgery by the cleverest imitator.*

There are only two great national banks in the British Isles, those of London and Dublin; the first issues paper of at least twice the amount of the second. Thus money to the extent of £24,000 is daily introduced into the kingdom. Every commercial town in the provinces has, moreover, its private bank and its different notes. We may judge by this what an immense quantity of paper-money is circulated during the year.†

* The press which engraves these plates is from eleven to twelve thousand pounds in weight, and yet a child's finger can lift it. These plates, made by mechanism, display twenty-one heads of admirable workmanship, and two handsome full-length figures. An engraver would require two years to execute what is done by the machine in two hours. I have seen there a pair of scales a foot in height, the equilibrium of which is so perfect, that an atom scarcely visible to the naked eye (the tenth part of a grain) is sufficient to weigh down the side on which it is placed.

† The two National Banks of Ireland and England belong to companies, and they alone enjoy privileges accorded to them by Government. The capital of the

The Bank of Ireland, opposite to which the celebrated O'Connell has caused a rival bank to be erected, was formerly the House of Parliament, which the great agitator would fain revive again. The hall of the peers and that of the members may still be seen: the former is hung with Gobelin tapestry. O'Connell has ordered a new house of legislative assembly to be built (nearly opposite the Custom House) for the future accommodation of its members.*

I had promised Lord Talbot de Malahide to pass a day at Malahide Castle situated in the environs of Dublin. This ancient manor which has been in the possession of the Talbot family

Dublin company is about three millions sterling, that of the Bank of England is more than double.

* This edifice, which is said to be a very fine one, was only finished and inaugurated in October, 1843. It is called the Conciliation Hall. The extent of the building from front to rear is a hundred feet, and it has a *façade* of sixty feet in length on the quay. In front of it are displayed the harp and crown of Ireland, with this date, "The Repeal year, 1843." In the interior is a full-length portrait of O'Connell; his statue is also to be placed there. The hall can contain four thousand persons.

for seven or eight centuries, presents a series of towers and turrets connected one with another by castellated galleries, and tapestried with ivy. Amid the thick and verdant foliage, which displays the architecture, without allowing the stonework to be seen, appear antique windows and arched porticoes. This castle, which is in harmony with the present taste from the rich comfort of its interior, and with the past from the wild grandeur of its exterior, is at once modern and gothic, a palace and ruin.

Here is seen from time to time the little dwarf of Malahide. He is called Puck, and is no foreboder of evil; he wears a wig powdered *à l'oiseau royal*, a three-cornered hat with curling feathers, a short pair of tights with large buckles, a court-dress covered with spangles, red-heeled shoes, and a sword, to which bows of ribbon are attached. This gallant, carrying his hat under his arm courteously and cavalierly, makes his bow with an aristocratic grace; he neither appears for the purpose of announcing disasters nor of promising good fortune; he comes simply to show how people dressed in the time of Louis XV. If he

is not very useful, he is at all events very original: Puck's costume may be called a tradition of the toilette.

In one of the apartments of the castle, I saw among the portraits of the present Lord's ancestors, that of the famous Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who fought against Joan of Arc. This adversary of the *beau Dunois* might also have called himself *le beau Talbot*.

The room in which we dined was hung round with pictures of great value.* In the adjoining apartment, the wainscoting of which is of wood, carved in the style of the chests and *armoires* of the middle ages, were displayed in admirable bas-relief the Assumption, after Murillo, and several scenes from Scripture. I remained a long time contemplating these gothic rarities. Bygone ages seemed to be once more revived in this castle, where I fancied I had seen

* Lord Talbot has among his fine paintings the portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke; that of Rembrandt, painted by himself; a picture formerly at Holyrood, which belonged to Mary Stuart; and the charming portrait of a French lady named Quérroualle, who, being a favourite of Charles II., became Duchess of Portsmouth. She was maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans and mother of the first Duke of Richmond.

passing in succession before me the living figures of a Talbot, a Bedford, and a Richmond. There, under the influence of imagination, I could have thought myself carried back to the days of the madness of Charles VI., and dreaming of Isabel of Bavaria; I could have summoned to the aid of my country the *oriflamme* of Charles VII.

Cromwell visited Malahide, and destroyed there a Catholic Church: the ruins of this building are now in the centre of the park. I should observe here that Ireland abounds in remains of this kind, and they are called throughout the country *Cromwellised churches*. This saint of the Roundheads, while levelling religious edifices to the ground, called himself the right arm of Christ.

The first and only duke in Ireland, the twenty-third Earl of Kildare, the nephew of the famous Fitzgerald who married Pamela, daughter of Madame de Genlis, the highest noble in the country, in a word, the Duke of Leinster, expected me at his residence, Carton House, where I had promised to spend a couple of days.* Carton

* The duke is also descended on the female side,

House, situated in County Kildare, is quite a royal abode; its colonnades, its statues, domes and galleries, are of modern erection; its park is a vast track of land with lakes and cascades. Seventy thousand acres of arable land annexed to it are the property of the duke, as are also the three principal towns in the county.* The green lawns of the gardens are veritable carpets of emeralds, where not a single blade of grass appears to raise its head; and then to keep in order this smooth and verdant velvet, how much attention and how many labourers are required! The parks of Great Britain are cleaned, brushed, washed, trimmed, embellished with flowers, and swept like the *salons* of Paris. They are *parcs petites-maitresses*, which, with perfumed toilettes and ruinous coquetry, are perpetually in full dress.

The table kept by the nobility in the Three

from the first Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, the favourite of Charles II.

* I do not include in this estimate the uncultivated lands reserved for the chase, of which the total is enormous. In the park of Carton House there is a cottage built of rock-work, shells, and spars, that resembles a fairy grotto.

Kingdoms is as magnificent as are their residences. Their hot-houses, similar to those in Russia, furnish them at all seasons with excellent fruits ; their wines, imported from distant countries, are exquisite ; and the stranger, if he be naturally temperate, has only one fault to find with them, namely, their abundance. In order to keep company with his hosts, he is obliged to be continually emptying his glass, so that it occasionally happens at desert, that anti-social moment when the ladies and gentlemen separate, that the wine becomes as it were a punishment, and pleasure is converted into torture.*

In my way to Carton, I had stopped at Woodlands, a gothic castle with embattled towers, in which I afterwards dined. The proprietor, Colonel White, showed me a room where King John, who gave England her *Magna Charta*, had slept. In the delightful park of Woodlands is a willow from St. Helena ; the young shoot

* At the extremity of one of the apartments in Carton House is a large organ, which is elevated to a certain height above the floor. I never saw anything resembling it in France. The Duchess of Leinster and her husband play upon it frequently and admirably well.

of this tree, now very tall, was brought from Longwood in a potatoe. Beneath the branches of this weeping willow, and on the bank of a streamlet, is a statue of the Emperor. Where do we not see Napoleon? Alas! to counter-balance this enthusiasm, I was there shown the following quatrain, which in 1816 had been stuck on the column in the Place Vendôme.

Tigre monté sur cette échasse !
Si le sang que tu fis verser
Se ramassait sur cette place,
Tu le boirais sans te baisser.

I was driven along the road leading to County Kildare to the foot of one of the most ancient monuments of Ireland, the tower of Clondallein or Clondalkin.* There are many others like it in the kingdom. These towers, about one hundred feet in height, narrow and slender like obelisks, have given rise to much controversy; some affirm that they were built twelve hundred years B.C., that fires were kindled at their summits,

* Writers are often reproached with mis-spelling foreign names; but these very names are frequently spelt in different ways even in the guide-books of the country. How embarrassing is this for authors!

and that, in imitation of the children of Zoroaster, the first inhabitants of the island were fire-worshippers. Others pretend that they were war-beacons, luminous telegraphs, by means of which the Danes, who conquered Erin, communicated with each other. Mr. Petrie, a distinguished antiquary in Dublin, maintains that they were Christian monuments, on the ground of their being usually found near churches ; and that in time of peril, the priests concealed there their sacred vessels, ornaments, and treasures. Many have held the opinion that they were erected to the God of Gardens, and that their shape is a proof of it. In Scotland, where there are two, of which I shall speak hereafter, it is thought that they were towers of penitence inhabited by a race of hermits, successors of St. Simeon Stilite.* Lastly, the learned Sir William Betham affirms that they are the funereal monuments of the earliest possessors of Ireland, and he has written some interesting pages on this subject.† We there read that “ the Etruscan

* This saint is said to have passed thirty years of his life standing upon a column.

† One of the proofs advanced by him is the following :
“ On the Irish tower of Ardmore, in the county of

places of burial bear an indisputable resemblance to the Irish *tumuli*, and consequently the origin of both is the same." What is no less surprising is, that India has its round towers exactly similar to those in the environs of Dublin, and that they are also tombs. What a subject for reflection ! India and Ireland thus associated together with one common origin to both ! Nevertheless, this great question is still undecided ; as is generally the case, much controversy has solved nothing. Moreover, Ireland and O'Connell have at this moment other questions of far different importance to occupy them, for they are playing, as it were, with fire ; and he who examines those questions too closely may burn himself. What will be the issue of this problem ?

The Church of St. Patrick is one of the ancient monuments of Dublin. I was present at a service there, and heard the famous "Crea-

Waterford, being searched in 1841 by Mr. William Heckett, a skeleton was found there." According to this it was a Mausoleum. (See "*Etruria Celtica*" by Sir William Betham, 2 vols. Dublin, 1842.) The learned author had the kindness to make me a present of this work.

tion" of Haydn excellently sung. This city has a pretty theatre where at that time resounded the violin of the famous Sivori, of musical celebrity; Miss Clara Novello was also much applauded. She was accompanied by Mr. Balfe.*

Lord Plunket, one of the illustrious ornaments of England, has a castle in the county of Wicklow; he invited me to pay him a visit and I passed several days there. On one side of Old Connaught are mountains, and on the other is the sea coast. Lord Plunket, formerly Chancellor of Ireland and Attorney-General, lives there *en patriarche* in the bosom of a charming family by whom he is adored. Simple in his manners, advanced in years, and retired from public affairs, after having played a distinguished part in them, his brow displays the serenity of a pure conscience, and his conversation the amenity of a noble character.

On the evening of my arrival there, the sky of Ireland had at last condescended to be free from mist; the moon rose in a plain of azure from

* The *Puits d'Amour*, a comic opera by Mr. Balfe obtained great success last year at Paris. Madame Albertazzi, whom I had seen at Dresden, was expected in Dublin.

the midst of the mountains. This was the first time since my departure from the continent that I had seen her rays ; I knew not what had become of my pale luminary of night ; the fog had constantly concealed her from me. I beheld her again with melancholy satisfaction, I welcomed her with a smile like that of Young ; for how often had I as well as he been seen by her weeping for my child !

A large party was assembled at Old Connaught, the noble proprietor was surrounded by a part of his numerous family which consists of six sons and four daughters. A pic-nic was determined on, and it was resolved that we should explore the Wicklow mountains, some in carriages and others on horseback. I was among the latter. The daughters of Lord Plunket, two graceful amazons, led the way and we set out on our expedition.

The county of Wicklow, like that of Wales, is a country of steep hills and smiling valleys. We lost no time in penetrating into the deep ravines where the Dargle rolls its waters ; I quitted our young and lovely ladies, alighted from my horse, and inhaling with delight the

air of the rocks and mountains, I sat down on the banks of the torrent.

Just escaping from the whirl of society and the fatigue of the fashionable *salons*, I felt a desire to refresh myself, after the turmoil of civilised life, by tasting again the meditations of solitude. What wild sites had I not beheld in the course of my travels! How many different scenes had I not witnessed in my career! What tempests had I not experienced during my life! Oh! beneath the shade of forests and amid the silence of the desert, contemplation has doubtless a charm, but has it not also a sorrow! How can we escape from memory—and what is memory in general but regret! Happy nature! thou who always appearest young and self-adorned, thou who never growest old nor fadest, thou hast neither forebodings nor tears; man is less happy than thou—man thinks! The water of the torrent mounts not again unto its source, nor remembers the rugged stones that have bruised it during its descent; it bounds over the rocks which lie in its path without fearing the abyss to which it goes. But the imagination of man

is not only agitated by the present and tortured by the future, it must also retrace its course and renew the sufferings of the past.

The handsome Castle of Powerscourt is situated at a short distance from the Dargle; several miles from thence is the famous waterfall which bears the name of the domain. This cascade is two or three hundred feet in height; its transparent streams falling from rock to rock down a dark reddish granite surface, now polished and now rough, pause and then dissolve with a kind of dignified and simple coquetry in which affectation is mingled with the prevailing sublimity. Placed in a singularly picturesque position, in the centre of a circle of artistically wooded mountains, the cascade of Powerscourt appears to have selected its own site, to have fixed itself there for the purpose of studying the effect it produces. Its poetry seems the result of calculation, and its irregularity that of art.

Beneath it is a vast meadow tastefully planted with ancient oaks. Here and there were scattered groups of visitors attracted thither by curiosity, and near them carriages and cars were stationed. One could hear the horses neighing

and pawing the ground impatient to be gone. Seated on rustic benches and grassy hillocks, we watched the mountain deer bounding through the woods. We sang, laughed, and diverted ourselves; a repast was laid out on the green sward in a sunny spot amid rocks and trees; we ate sandwiches on the banks of the torrent, and drank Sherry beneath the shade of the woods. I had remarked near the Dargle a rock, in shape resembling a platform called the Lovers' Leap, and had been promised a tradition connected with it. This promise was kept and here it is.

THE LOVERS' LEAP.

In the time when true love was in fashion, in the days of chivalry, Lucy Rathdown and her father inhabited an old castle situated near the banks of the Dargle in the county of Wicklow. Lucy having lost her mother when quite a child had neither experienced the happiness of knowing, nor the pain of lamenting her. Lively and cheerful, the young heiress did as youth usually does, she al-

lowed her days, as yet free from care, to pass unheeded by, without according them a regret or honouring them with an adieu. Was this state of things to continue long? No. One fine day there arrived at the Castle of Rathdown a young Irishman, of an ancient and noble family, called Robert Kennedy. He was handsome, well made, and gallant. Lucy on beholding and listening to him felt her whole nature change. She became pensive, she had lost her careless manner. New sentiments possessed her mind, unwonted thoughts occupied her. Her birds, her flowers, her trinkets, which till then had delighted her, were now only sources of weariness and ennui; her ideas took another course: Robert Kennedy was ever present to her imagination. Had he obtained possession of her heart? No; Lucy loved not yet, but she felt that she was beloved, and proud of her power, although she had not herself experienced the charm of affection, her peace of mind was gone.

One evening Robert was alone with her in one of the galleries of the castle; he had long restrained his fiery and vehement passion within the bounds of submissive and respectful devo-

tion; but the violence of his character only waited for an opportunity to burst forth. He fell at Lucy's feet, and gave vent to his ardent love in the most glowing language. He thought to move her, and he alarmed her; the young girl had never before listened to such strong expressions. Ideas before unheard of and incomprehensible to her were for the first time presented to her mind, and she shrank in terror from them. The excess of his passion had chilled her.

The entrance of her father interrupted the conversation; he ran hastily towards her, and appeared a prey to the most fearful agitation. Half articulated words fell from his lips; his look was haggard; his limbs no longer supported him, and he sank exhausted on a chair.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "the Banshee!"

A deadly pallor overspread the countenance of the heiress; she had comprehended the fatal news.

"What! the Banshee?"

"Has appeared!"

"Is it possible—and when?"

"Just now."

"Where, my father?"

"In the great tower. You know the north window; well, I have seen her there with my own eyes and by the light of the moon."


"The Banshee!—Great heaven!"

"She herself! As usual, she wore her fatal white robe or rather her winding sheet. Her long reddish locks floated over her shoulders. She wrung her hands with every appearance of despair. I heard her lamentable cries; it is death—death that she announces."

Lucy stood motionless.

"My daughter," continued the lord of the castle, "a tomb is about to be opened here. God grant it may be mine!"

What was the cause of this alarm and consternation in Rathdown Castle? The mystery may be thus explained. The Banshee, in Ireland, is an evil-boding guardian spirit attached to the destiny of the ancient houses of the kingdom. Each noble family has its Banshee to watch over it. As long as happiness abides with the beings she protects, she is invisible and dumb; but as soon as a misfortune, a calamity, or a death is about to befall them, the Banshee appears weeping. A shroud is wrapped around her. She pours forth her despair in



plaintive groans, and a catastrophe is the certain result.*

Lucy on the following morning was by the side of her aged father. She had passed the whole night a prey to the most poignant anguish. Was she about to become an orphan? Or was she herself doomed to perish?

"My father," said the young girl, "the Banshee may perhaps have appeared only to warn us of some great danger. The calamity with which she menaces us may not perhaps be death. Such a case has occasionally happened, has it not?"

* The Banshee, the first and principal of Irish superstitions has a variety of forms and costumes. At one time she is an old woman, clad in black, with fleshless and livid features; at another, she is a white phantom, with a pale but youthful countenance. Her garments are sometimes of the colour which predominates in the armorial bearings of the house to which she is attached. Recently, when the castle of Thanes was destroyed by fire, the Banshee of the O'Neill family was beheld on the principal tower; and a short while before it fell, she displayed all the signs of the most unbounded despair. The M'Carthys, the Sullivans, the O'Rear-dons, and other ancient families, at this day impoverished or extinct, have each had their Banshee.

"Seldom, Lucy, seldom!"

"I would fain, in this moment of peril, acquaint you with every secret of my heart. The young Irishman whom you have received within these walls, Robert Kennedy—"

"Proceed."

"He alarms me."

"Is it possible? but he adores thee, my child. He cherishes but one desire, that of devoting his life to thee. Robert is young, wealthy, and handsome."

"Would you have chosen him for my husband?"

"He appears worthy of thee. Wouldst thou reject him?"

"Yes, my father, his heart is noble, I am aware, but his character is violent. He loves me, I cannot doubt it; but with a frenzied passion."

"Then he displeases thee!"

"No, my father, I feel myself on the contrary attracted towards him; but there is at the same time something in him from which I recoil. He fascinates, and yet terrifies me. I have reflected, and I will not wed him."

"Still, dearest child, I am more anxious than

ever that thou shouldst marry. A fatal warning has been given, and I would not die without securing thy future position in life. Has thy heart made no choice?"

"I think not, my father. Nevertheless, among the young lords who have come hither to visit the banks of the Dargle and the cascade of Powerscourt, I have remarked Allan Macdonald."

"The Scot from the Hebrides! In truth, I know he is at this moment in Powerscourt Castle with a friend of his family. Allan Macdonald is certainly the handsomest of Caledonia's sons. His reputation is blameless, his fortune large, his name illustrious, and were he to ask thy hand—"

"My father, he has already done so."

"What! you have met then?"

"Frequently, on the banks of the Dargle. You know how fond I am of riding over our mountains; one morning when I was on the rocky platform which overhangs the torrent, I found Allan Macdonald there."

"And there he told thee he loved thee—in ardent and glowing language?"

"No, with gentle and tender looks. Allan

is a contrast to Robert. He does not give vent to his love in passionate expressions, he restrains and moderates it. One would say that his heart beat slowly, but its pulsation may on that very account be the stronger. Robert's heart beat far too quickly; the least violent is the safest."

"Does he purpose asking thy hand in marriage?"

"I conclude so."

"Has he declared as much?"

"No, my father."

"Who then has told thee?"

"His silence. Allan Macdonald has an eloquent countenance; besides, the heart can often comprehend without the aid of words; the eye listens as well as the ear. So, my father, though I have not positively heard it, yet I feel that I have understood it."

"We shall see, Lucy. I will wait."

These words were scarcely uttered, when a servant opening the door announced Allan Macdonald.

In a few days, the news of the approaching marriage of the heiress of Rathdown with the

Scotch laird from the Hebrides was circulated throughout the country. Kennedy was dismissed.

Lucy, although she had attained the object of her desires, appeared uneasy and troubled ; Macdonald, when by her side, was fond, tender, attentive, but never animated, ardent, or impassioned ; secure now of his happiness, he calmly relied on it ; and being persuaded that his affection could not be questioned, he no longer made the slightest attempt to prove it. Alas ! what a contradiction is the human heart ! Lucy wished now to find in Allan what she had recoiled from in Robert ; she called to mind the unbounded declarations of her first lover, and comparing them with the quiet demonstrations of attachment shewn by her future husband, she sighed mournfully. In vain she tried to console herself by saying that Macdonald in his heart loved her, perhaps, as much as Robert did ; and that, beneath his apparent coldness, no less warmth of passion might be concealed ; no reasoning could mitigate her sorrow. She doubted not that if a circumstance should arise, which would cause his devoted love to break forth, Allan would seize it eagerly. But what love is that

whose nature is only to manifest itself on extraordinary occasions and as it were sword in hand, where vanity itself is the chief motive that prompts it. Such an attachment in this world gives a day of recompense for a whole life of disappointment.

Lucy Rathdown, according to her custom, was riding one morning on the banks of the Dargle; she was followed only by a servant on horseback. Allan was engaged at the castle in making preparations for the wedding. Lucy alighted from her horse and ascended the rock of the torrent; she loved this high platform, from whence, contemplating the depth of the chasms opening at her feet, she beheld a wild and sublime picture displayed before her. She recalled to mind the Banshee, and more than once said to herself in a low tone,

“My life at present is, perhaps, like this platform hanging over an abyss!”

Her future husband had promised to fetch her from this spot; but time slipped away, and Allan came not.

“He never hurries himself,” said she; “oh, if I had told Robert!”

Her reverie was interrupted by the noise of a man's hasty footsteps. She raised her head, and

looked. Robert Kennedy was advancing towards her.

"Pray, do not fly from me," said Macdonald's rival seeing her about to depart; "I know all hope for me is gone; I will not annoy you with my grief, you will soon be the Scotchman's wife. Ah! he does not alarm you with the transports of his passion; he offers you little attentions instead of affection, and gallantry instead of love. It matters not, he has been preferred to me; he then must be right, and I wrong; I have no reason to complain."

Robert had one of those fine open countenances, in which are portrayed the generous sentiments of a noble heart. His deportment and his looks displayed the fire of courage and enthusiasm. Lucy could not prevent herself from regarding him with a sensation of vague and melancholy regret.

"Henceforth," continued he, "I will cherish no more illusions, no more visions, no more love for woman. I will be calm as I ought to have been to please you, like the cold Scot who has charmed you; but my coldness will not be the repose of insensibility, for that is not in my nature, it will be that of despair. I loved with

impassioned truth, or rather with a holy and enthusiastic adoration which, once banished from the heart, leaves no feeling there but a settled atheism. I will not weep, Lucy, for the burning eye of despair sheds no tears ; but you will know my end, I trust. You will then understand how much I loved you ; you will then compare mine with Allan's love, and you will then be the one to weep. Pardon me, if I have again alarmed you."

"No, Robert," replied the young girl much moved ; "no, I know not why, but you no longer alarm me."

"You know not why, Lucy, but I know. You now recall to mind the ardent words of passion ; they no longer seem terrible to you, you long for them, you love them ; but you would fain hear them from other lips than mine, from those of Allan Macdonald. He will never utter them, and that will be my revenge!"

The betrothed maiden wept.

"Oh, do not weep yet!" said Robert. "It is too soon now to shed tears ; wait on these gloomy shores until Macdonald becomes your husband."

"Leave me," replied Lucy, "leave me—your words kill me."

She extended her hand to him in token of farewell. Robert bent his head respectfully, raised her hand to his lips, and withdrew.

Allan had seen the kiss from a distance, but had not heard the preceding dialogue. He approached her with a gloomy air.

"If he could but be made jealous!" thought the heiress; and then addressing Macdonald, she said: "How I love this spot!"

The bridegroom, at first astonished, soon regained his habitual calmness; a close observer, he had divined Lucy's intention, and it was evident that she would not have addressed to him this triumphant exclamation, if her conscience seriously reproached her. He, therefore, replied with a smile:

"I can easily fancy that this spot delights you: so full as it is of poetry and imagination."

Lucy and Allan once more mounted their horses. Feeling indignant and annoyed, Lucy remained silent.

The hour fixed for the wedding had struck, and the heiress of Rathdown repaired to the parish church. Her dress and her beauty were equally dazzling. The language of Macdonald, inspired by the excitement of the *fête* and the

charms of his bride, was animated and his countenance expressive. His hand trembled with emotion, and Lucy full of hope and joy seemed to have attained the summit of her wishes.

The nuptial ceremony was brought to a conclusion ; nothing had occurred to interrupt the splendid solemnity. A grand banquet followed, at which the bride was the object of general admiration. The day drew near its close ; dancing, after the fashion of the age and country, commenced in the large hall of the castle : from this hall a circular stone staircase led down to an open space beneath, which was planted with trees and flowers. It was a glorious night : the sky glittered with stars, and the atmosphere was impregnated with fragrance. Lucy, weary of homage and adulation, sought to withdraw herself for an instant from the crowd, and collect her thoughts in solitude. She descended the staircase desiring to pour forth her gratitude to the Almighty, alone in the shady recesses of the garden, for the husband He had given to her, and for the happiness she hoped would be hers. She purposed imploring His divine providence to keep Macdonald ever loving, faithful, and

devoted to her ; to render him more communicative and make her less exacting. She was happy, and yet—she had need of prayer.

If the senses are awake during the day, the thoughts are equally so at night. By day the spirit in a manner elbowed by the crowd is lost amid the intoxicating whirl of outward sensations, and strays from the path of reason : by night it is entirely free to commune with itself alone. When but a few paces distant from the staircase, Lucy glided unperceived, under cover of the obscurity, by a parterre of flowers ; she inhaled their pleasant perfume, and her eye glanced towards the sky. Heavens ! what did she behold in the great tower of the castle and at the northern window ? The Spirit of Rathdown—the Banshee !

She wore the winding-sheet of the tomb ; her hair seen by the light of the stars reflected a fiery hue ; her countenance was agitated by convulsions ; her limbs were distorted like those of the criminals condemned by the inquisition to the rack. She stretched forth her arms towards the heiress, and uttered a mournful cry.

The bride, freezing with horror, turned her head away and fled. In the bewildered state of

mind into which she had been thrown by the terrible apparition, she ran on as chance directed her footsteps, and lost her way: her strength soon forsook her; and alone, leaning against a tree for support, she paused utterly exhausted.

Her eyelids were closed, when suddenly a strong arm seized her: she felt herself borne off like a grain of sand and carried through the air. She strove to resist and cry out for help; but her captor, placing his hand across her mouth, kept her motionless and dumb. He who held her was Robert.

He neither left her any means of looking whither he was leading her, nor of calling for assistance. She had a confused idea that the athletic form that grasped her was traversing woods, scaling mountains, following the course of torrents, and climbing rocks. A long interval elapsed: she was on the platform of the Dargle.

Robert Kennedy paused.

"Heavens! where am I?" cried Lucy.

"On the edge of a precipice," answered a terrible voice.

"Pardon—pity!"

"It is too late."

"Robert!"

"Fear nothing for yourself. On your brow is a virgin chaplet: I will not pluck it thence. Although you do not yet belong entirely to the Scot, you are not less his wife in the sight of Heaven, and the property of another shall be held sacred by me. No; I will not sully the robe of innocence on the spot where the hour of eternity will shortly strike. You loved this rock, Lucy; it is on that account I have chosen it for our last meeting on earth. I am about to alarm you anew: such is my fatal destiny. Lucy, bid me farewell."

"Farewell to you, Robert!"

"The last."

"No, no, I will have no last farewell, no eternal separation. I understand not your intentions, but I reject them beforehand. What would you have of me?"

"A few tears."

He then threw himself at Lucy's feet: the night wind playing amid his black hair exposed his noble brow. An ominous calm reigned there.

"Yes—a few tears," continued he.

And there, on the lonely rock, by the pale

gleam of the stars of Heaven, he gazed on the brilliant dress of the bride with a melancholy admiration ; then resumed in a sorrowful voice—

“ Oh, Lucy ! how beautiful you are ! Has he, the Scot, ever told you as much ? Has he ever been able to comprehend his happiness ? Let me, oh ! let me enjoy the rapturous bliss of gazing on you ! It shall not be for long, I am going from you. You shall soon be delivered from me, Lucy. I have loved like a madman. My love must end as it began ; it will have been only a long infatuation. Yet, you see, my voice does not tremble, nor is it agitated. It is because he, who has never known how to reflect during life, has at least reflected before death. In love our existence is complete only when it is bound up with that of another : you have not willed that I should exist, Lucy ! Lower your veil, one grasp of the hand, and adieu ! ”

“ Robert—Robert ! ” exclaimed the bride in the most heart-rending accents, “ why have you brought me hither ? ”

“ That I might give you my last proof of love. When we once become nothing in the

sight of the being who was everything to us, then—he who loves well—dies.”

With those words Robert arose: he held Lucy's hand, and his pressure was returned.

“It is the *farewell* I asked for,” resumed he in a solemn tone. Then, advancing to the edge of the platform of the Dargle, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and, crossing his hands over his breast, precipitated himself into the abyss.

The whole castle was in alarm. Allan Macdonald having noticed the disappearance of his wife had hastened in search of her; but his attempts to discover her were fruitless. The guests invited to the *fête* bearing flambeaux and torches traversed the grounds and gardens, calling on Lucy in all directions. The countenance of the owner of Rathdown wore an expression of madness and despair; his lips uttered but one cry, but one long cry—

“The Banshee!”

Forty-eight hours had elapsed since the fatal wedding-night. Lucy was no longer on the banks of the Dargle: stretched on her couch in her chamber at Rathdown, she was recovering from a long attack of fever, and had been for

two days delirious. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around her with a dull and stupified air, tried to collect her thoughts, then slowly pronounced these words—

“Allan Macdonald—where is he?”

Alas! no one replied.

Lucy, on the morning after her marriage had been found lying senseless at daybreak on the platform of the Dargle. Allan had never been able to account for her being there: doubtless she and Robert had remained there several hours together; and at night alone, remote from all! What might not have passed between them before the death of Robert? Allan had not forgotten the kiss imprinted on Lucy's hand: in his alarming perplexity, and hearing no word escape his wife's lips during the height of her fever but ejaculations of “Robert—Robert!” he had departed in a state of wild excitement from Rathdown Castle, and had returned it was supposed to Scotland.

The wretched father of the sufferer, obliged to acquaint her with the whole truth, endeavoured to do so with all possible care and circumspection. Lucy, however, became not the less aware of her misfortunes; her imagination even

exaggerated them. Her illness gained ground rapidly, the fever redoubled its violence, and ere long the poor bride—bride only in name—was reduced to the last extremity. Her reason could not resist the successive attacks which it had undergone, and the unhappy Lucy became a lunatic.

The body of Robert Kennedy borne to a distance by the waters of the Dargle had been discovered on a lonely shore. A paper found on his person, a journal in which he had traced his thoughts, narrated his sorrows, and developed his intentions, established the innocence of the unfortunate Lucy. It was there seen how Robert had purposed carrying her off, what he had intended telling her on the fatal rock, and how, after that, he had intended to die. The Lord of Rathdown instantly forwarded this precious document to Scotland; Allan Macdonald received it, and immediately started for Ireland.

Alas! Lucy beheld him without recognizing him; she listened to him, but understood him not. The incoherent words which she uttered were so many daggers to him.

“Robert! he knew how to love. Allan—had he a heart? Each of them, each in his

own way, bruised my heart. Was Robert the better of the two? I know not. At all events, I only loved Allan."

The Scotchman hearing her speak thus, lost his habitual reserve; ardent expressions escaping from his heart mounted in succession to his lips. Ah! why had they not been uttered while there was yet time; now it was too late.

One evening, Lucy, descending from her chamber, met Allan on the open space beneath the stone staircase.

"Do you see the Banshee from this spot?" she asked him in alarm pointing with her finger to the great tower.

"No," replied Macdonald. "There are no fatal apparitions now before us. The night is fine and calm, the stars glitter in the sky, the bird is singing in the woods, the flowers exhale their fragrance; all nature appears happy."

"Except ourselves," interrupted Lucy.

"Ourselves!" repeated Allan joyfully. "Am I then at last something in your eyes! You can think of me! Oh, henceforth I will bless this night!"

"*This* night! which? Listen: it was here on a night like this, at this very hour, the stars

sparkled as they do now; the birds also were then singing; the flowers had as sweet a perfume. Well, what did all announce? Despair—suicide! I heard the death-cry; I saw the blood on the rock; then I grew cold; my head burned. The flowers, the birds, the stars, all alarm me now: all lead to the fatal precipice. Do you see the Banshee from this spot?"

"No, she is no longer in the tower: she will not return thither. Banish all gloomy thoughts: you are surrounded only by love and devotion. May Heaven take pity on you, on your father, and on me. We may be restored to happiness."

"*We!*" repeated Lucy in her turn, with an expression of surprise; "who then are you?"

"Allan Macdonald."

"He whom I loved? He who fled from me?" replied she with a bitter and forced smile; "he is on the Scottish shore. He, as Robert said, will not alarm me with the transports of his passion. Would you believe it? I do not think he ever told me I was beautiful. The other made me remark this. I wore then my wedding wreath. Oh! choose not the name of Macdonald, and above all beware of winning his heart! I am perhaps wrong to express

myself thus, for a cold heart is not entirely a lifeless heart; he has his merit—but it is invisible. Allan Macdonald, it is true, will never die of love for any one—well, it matters not, I loved him !”

“You loved him !” interrupted Allan in the accents of despair. “Oh, no, no, for you are killing him !”

“You doubt my affection for him ?” cried Lucy with redoubled wildness, and in an attitude of triumph; “ah ! follow me, you shall see.”

Saying these words, she darted from the gardens of Rathdown with the swiftness of an arrow, and directed her steps towards the Dargle. Allen followed her in despair. She traversed the same paths along which Robert had passed when he carried her off from the castle : she stood on the rock overhanging the torrent.

“Not love Allan Macdonald !” she then resumed with a solemn sternness. “Well, like Robert, I can prove my love. I remember his words ; ‘when we once become nothing in the sight of the being who was everything to us, then he who loves well—dies !’ ”

Thus saying, she threw herself into the gulf, and the Dargle bore away another victim in its fatal waters.

Since that epoch, the platform of rock has been called the "Lovers' Leap."



CHAPTER IV.

EVERY morning fresh parties of pleasure were formed at Old Connaught, and in the evening a delightful reunion in the drawing-room supplied us with continual enjoyment. We had music too. Alas ! a French romance was sung which filled me with sad recollections, a romance which years before had drawn tears from my eyes amid the Styrian mountains in Austria, beneath the walls of Moscow in Russia, and on the borders of Lake Mëlar in Sweden ; “ *Je vais revoir ma Normandie !* ”

Why does that air pursue me wherever I go ? That air which reminds me of an angel whom I have lost, a bliss which has fled from me, a spot which was so enchanting to me ? Ah ! thus it is that, in the midst of pleasures, man is doomed to feel the sting of pain, saying to him while it forces him to raise his eyes to Heaven : “ Thou

art not in thy own country, seek not happiness here !”

Nothing was talked of in Ireland during my stay there but the wonders performed by Father Mathew : this extraordinary man sent to preach temperance to a people entirely abandoned to the love of intoxicating liquors,* had then at-

* Take the following as an example. More than one host in Ireland would have formerly considered himself ignorant of the common duties of hospitality, if he allowed his guests to quit his table otherwise than dead drunk. The master of the house was accustomed to lock his dining-room door on the inside, and throw the key out of the window in order to cut off all retreat from those who might wish to escape from the revel. This done, the company continued drinking until all present, one after another, had rolled pell-mell under the table. A young landed proprietor had assembled a party of several friends in his house. One evening, stupified by their daily libations, and at a loss how to vary their orgies, they sent for a farmer's boy, an idiot from his birth, and having wrapped him in tow impregnated with whisky, these madmen set him on fire. The idiot expired shortly after in inexpressible agony. Next day the drunkards, in despair at the consequences of their cruel pleasantry, did all they could do to hush up the affair. The circumstances caused much excitement and were commented on by the press. The facts were spread far and wide, and yet the verdict of the jury

tained the height of influence and renown. Let us devote a few pages to him.

The Reverend Father Theobald Mathew, born at Thomastown in the county of Tipperary in October, 1790, is related to the noble family of Landaff and the Earl of Kenmare. He is said to be a connexion of the Vicomte de Chabot, principal secretary to the French Embassy in London. An orphan from his infancy, adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew, and entrusted to the tutorship of the Reverend Denis O'Donnell, parish priest of Tallagh, he commenced his studies at the College of Kilkenny and finished them at the seminary of Maynooth.* Being ordained a priest in 1814, on Easter Day he became a member of the brotherhood of Capuchins or reformed Franciscans. Subject to no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and holding his title of apostolical delegate directly from the Pope, he gave himself up with ardour to the exercise of

assembled by the coroner acquitted the accused parties. The crime remained unpunished.

* A paper in my possession mentions that "Father Mathew has not inherited the large fortune of his relative, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, she having bequeathed it to M. de Chabot, who is a connexion of her family."

his religious duties. He had amassed, partly from his savings and partly from his patrimony, a sum amounting to above £5000 : this he devoted to the erection of a church. He also founded at his own expense a superb cemetery, after the model of Père la Chaise at Paris, and this work was hailed by the blessings of his countrymen, the Irish attaching great importance to the splendour of their funeral ceremonies.

The reputation of the talents and virtues of Father Mathew beginning to be spread abroad, a society which, in imitation of one in America, had been established at Cork, for the purpose of endeavouring to arrest the further progress of Irish intemperance, called the celebrated ecclesiastic to its aid.* Mathew acceded

* It was at Cork, Belfast, and Dublin, that the original promoters of the American system assembled together. The first meeting in Dublin was held on the 7th of April, 1830, at which Mr. P. C. Crampton, at present Judge in the Court of Queen's Bench, and one of the most eminent members of the Total Abstinence Society, presided. The name of this association was "The Hibernian Temperance Society." Others were formed at Cork, Mallow, Wicklow and Limerick ; but a strong impulse was necessary, and Father Mathew was placed at their head.

to their request, and on the 10th of April, 1838, he was named President of the Society. A report was immediately spread abroad that a messenger sent from Heaven had come to change the aspect of Ireland. Crowds flocked to him from all parts, the holy man harangued the people, laid his hands on them, prayed God to convert the sceptic and regenerate the sinner : he announced in the language of religious inspiration that his glorious end would be attained, and the whole assembly fell prostrate at the prophet's feet. At his command the drunkard became sober, at his voice the impious man became a believer. He is not only a Christian orator, he is a miraculous guide : he changes morals and thoughts, customs and hearts. The popular belief is that in laying his hands on his followers, he cures at once the diseases of the mind and the maladies of the body. The apostle of temperance began his career with a few hundred disciples : he could soon count them by hundreds of thousands, and at this moment can reckon them by millions :* he journeys from town to town,

* The number of those who have received the pledge in Ireland is estimated at five millions at least.

and from district to district, with daily increasing success. Enthusiasm precedes and follows him: the impulse is universal, the moral revolution becomes complete and the movement is national. Every one is eager to be admitted into the holy society; every one is eager to renounce solemnly all drunken orgies and excesses. Father Mathew goes from triumph to triumph.*

The reception of a member into the society of temperate brothers resembled a second baptism; it was accompanied by a display of religious pomp and consecrated images, and was held in some open public place. The ceremony was performed after the following manner.

The candidates presented themselves in groups which were distinguished by different badges: some wore in their hats a bunch of shamrock, the national plant celebrated by the poet Moore.† Dressed, previously to joining the

* He was in England at the time when I was travelling through Scotland, and eighty thousand persons had demanded the pledge from him. This number was increasing daily.

† It resembles the trefoil, and is worn as a mark of

procession in their best attire, they carried in their hands, instead of a wax-candle a stick enveloped in white flags, and suspended from their necks instead of a scarf, an elegant shoulder-belt.

They marched to the sound of sacred music, and on arriving at the appointed spot, knelt down in a semi-circle. Mathew then advanced bare-headed, and addressed a short discourse to those about to receive the pledge: afterwards each repeated the prescribed formula. The words of the pledge are as follows:

“ I promise, with God’s assistance, as long as I shall continue a member of the Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance in others; as far as I am able, as well by my advice as by my own example.”

This pledge being taken, the Reverend Father Mathew went the round of the circle; he laid his hands on the multitude, and, making the distinction by the zealous devotees of the Roman Catholic faith.

sign of the cross, gave them his benediction. During this time, the names of the new proselytes were entered in a register, and a medal was given to each. This medal bore on one side a cross with an inscription repeating the words of the pledge,* and on the other, a device representing the Paschal lamb, with these letters I-H-S. Underneath this device was the famous shamrock, the plant of the zealous Roman Catholic, together with these words, *Hoc signo vinces.*†

This reverend minister of God is now fifty-three years old: he does not seem more than thirty. His appearance is unspeakably attrac-

* Each member receives a certificate, on which is a cross, with the same inscription.

† The plant was supported on each side by a figure holding a flag, on which was inscribed the word sobriety, and which was crowned by what appeared to be an angel. The ceremony I have just described has been modified of late, as, on account of Father Mathew's now admitting as members of the association all sects and religions, the Protestant candidates would have refused to kneel, receive the medal, or make the sign of the cross. The reception of members is now performed without pomp, and in the most simple manner.

tive; his manners are engaging and endearing; his hair is still black. An aquiline nose, blue eyes, whose gentleness is relieved by their vivacity, a well-formed mouth, and a high forehead, announce in him a firm character and a superior intelligence. Simple, even-tempered, affable, and above all charitable, he unites in the eyes of his fervent admirers the eloquence of Bossuet and the benignity of Fénelon. What more can I say!

Ireland has more than once been the object of the contemptuous attacks of certain writers, and yet, even at this moment, when she displays so fearful a picture of suffering and misery, she possesses two great and illustrious characters, upon whom independently of political or religious opinion, the eyes of Europe are fixed: O'Connell and Father Mathew. She can boast more than one famous personage of every kind, and above all, Thomas Moore.* Let us cite, among the claims of

* I greatly regret not having seen in his own country the illustrious author of *Lalla Rookh*: he now lives in England.

this country to the admiration of contemporary nations, a recent discovery ; the atmospheric railway.

At the time when I passed through Kingstown in my way to Old Connaught, this new invention was exciting general enthusiasm. Experiments made under the superintendence of Mr. James Pin, Treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, had been completely successful. A star, until then unknown, was rising in the horizon of industry ; henceforth, carriages will no longer be propelled with the rapidity of bullets by steam and coal, but by the pressure of air. The present moving power will soon develop its marvels ; and if success crown the result, if the sequel answer the commencement, there will be ere long, on the whole line of railways, no more fires, no more boilers, less danger and less expense : and lastly, to complete the advantages, an increase of speed.

The pressure of air is one of the strongest and most powerful elements of locomotion. Of this, the simple and complete apparatus, invented by Messrs. Clegg and Samuda has

given a striking proof.* The new system of pneumatic (or atmospheric) railways is daily becoming more perfect: I have seen unheard-of effects produced by it. I will not enter here into the scientific details of this second great moving power; they require an explanation commensurate with their importance. Suffice it to say that the noble land of Erin will have been the first to display to the eyes of the world one of those unexpected lights which work a revolution in the thoughts and customs of mankind. Homage to the wonder of the age, and glory to the genius of Ireland!†

An excursion to the *Seven Churches* had been resolved on at Old Connaught. We started, during most lovely weather, for this spot, so celebrated throughout Ireland. Our charming Amazons, Lord Plunket's daughters, accompanied us. The distance was very long, seven or eight.

* It was tried eighteen months ago on the Great Western Railway, at Wormwood Scrubs.

† See "The Atmospheric Railway," a letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ripon, by James Pin, Second Edition, June 24, 1842. This new system is now studied in France; experiments have been made which have proved successful.

leagues across the mountains ; our journey was accomplished partly on horseback and partly in carriages. We traversed first the Valley of Rocks, a wild spot amid barren heaths. I remarked with sorrow, along the road the poor Irish who met my view ; the spectacle was pitiable indeed. Never had I seen such a luxuriant abundance of rags, and yet the countenances wore no expression of emaciated suffering. I could not understand the freshness and health which they displayed ; for these poor creatures, barely clad, badly lodged, live merely on potatoes, and their supply even of them depends on the season being favourable. I entered a cottage and recoiled in disgust ; its interior betokened extreme poverty and dirt : almost everything was wanting. Not a single cooking utensil was there—even articles necessary for the most miserable existence were absent ; and yet I saw there a picture placed beside a Madonna in wood. I could hardly believe my eyes ;—it was a portrait of Napoleon !*

* Let it not be imagined from this sad description that Ireland is a barren soil, an uncultivated land, or an uninteresting country. Parts of Ireland are as fertile as France, and as picturesque as Switzerland. If she

I was impatient to see the Seven Churches. We arrived there after having traversed the most gloomy and lonely districts possible. Before us were deep defiles through which we penetrated; and along the side of a torrent called Avonmora, one of the most curious sites in the world presented itself suddenly to our view. How shall I attempt to describe it?

There once stood the former capital of Ireland, and there now are the remains of the ancient city. This city, encircled by wild mountains, was situated by the side of two lakes: it called was Glendalough.*

The valley in which it was built is narrow and has not sufficient hands to till the ground, and sufficient money to keep her trade alive, the blame may be laid on England, who appears to treat her as a conquered country, instead of considering her as a portion of herself. Besides, many wealthy Irish proprietors abandon their estates and spend their incomes in London or Paris. The people, thus forsaken by their patrons, and despised by their government, lose at once their spirit and their strength. Is it surprising that in such a state of things, they rush with transport into the arms of him who says to them, "I will restore your rights, defend your liberties, sustain your religion, and cause poor Ireland to become once more a powerful nation?"

* Glendalough. (Valley of Lakes.)

of an oval shape. In the centre, one of those old round towers, the origin of which has been disputed by scholars, historians, and poets, is still standing. It is very clear that this one was no beacon, nor could it be the means of communicating any signal, for it is buried as if in a cavern, and is commanded on every side by steep rocks. The inhabitants of the county of Wicklow affirm that it was erected five hundred years before Christ by the disciples of Zoroaster. In support of this assertion an opening in the mountain looking towards the east is pointed out, through which the first rays of the sun penetrated to the column. The sun, the king of heat, illumined it during the entire day, and every night the fire-worshippers kindled a sacred flame on the summit of the tower, and in imitation of the Vestal virgins never allowed it to become extinct. The people prayed there kneeling in a circle at the foot of the monument. The effect of this isolated obelisk, amid the ruins of an unknown bygone metropolis, is in my opinion very striking: it is like a beautiful fiction in the midst of great historical recollections.

The old gate of the city has two picturesque



arches, which though in a dilapidated state nevertheless preserve an imposing appearance. Sir Walter Scott who visited them in 1815, and who went thither as I did from Old Connaught, declared that these arches were the most ancient of any he had seen in the three kingdoms. The villagers who live near the spot repeat with pride these words of the illustrious writer. I passed through the gate and beheld the site of the antique city. A mournful and awe-inspiring silence reigns there on every side; one would think that a curse had been breathed on the spot, for nothing grows, nothing lives there: tombs alone are to be seen. No tree spreads forth its shade. A few ragged women are visible here and there, kneeling before the white and black sepulchral stones which stand erect, like apparitions of divers omens. The grass is withered and scorched; not a bird is to be met with, nor even an insect. Nothing but the tall and slender column which towers, eternally silent, over this spot of desolation, like a finger raised to console the unfortunate by pointing out Heaven to them.

The ruins of the Cathedral are but a short way from the ancient entrance of the city; they

are surrounded by a vast cemetery, whither from more than ten leagues around the dead are brought in numbers. Every day adds to the influx of coffins ; this place is a perpetual rendez-vous for the hearers of the county. In this privileged burying ground, the smallest corner in a grave is begged for with the most intense anxiety. The honour of lying there is not the only attraction : he who reposes there is believed to be saved. This is guaranteed by tradition, as will be seen by the following ancient legend.


THE SAINT OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

Saint Kevin flourished in the earliest ages of the Christian era. He was not only the holiest and most virtuous of men, but he was also the strongest and the handsomest. Having, in the spring of youth, renounced all the pleasures and vanities of the world, he had chosen for himself a life of religious contemplation. God alone occupied his thoughts. In his solitary retirement, devoting himself entirely to prayer, he caused the harp of David to resound on the banks of foaming torrents, where the harp of

Ossian had once sounded; the strains of both were the inspirations of genius. The lyre was the same, but the faith was different.

Saint Kevin had chosen the "Valley of the two Lakes" for his residence. There, inspired by the grace of God, he fancied that an important mission was reserved for him. Having discovered a cave hollowed in the rock in the side of a cliff above the Lakes of Glendalough, he had taken up his abode there. A cavity formed his bed. If in the day-time he went forth from this singular asylum, he was obliged, in order to return thither at night, to expose himself to imminent danger. There were no steps on the side of the rock. Kevin clung with difficulty to the rougher parts of the surface, thrust his fingers in the crevices, and, as it were, suspended in air, crawled up to his cave, having death always hovering over his head, and the precipice yawning beneath his feet.

But at the same time his retreat was inaccessible, no intruder came thither to disturb his pious meditations. He lived there to his own great delight, far from worldly pursuits, and sustained by the hope of Heaven. He could pray there as long as he chose, without fear of being



interrupted by day or by night. The neighbouring herdsmen declared that invisible spirits supplied him with food, that they supported the holy man's steps, and illumined his abode by night; and that he went forth at day-break from the threshold of his cavern accompanied by fragrant vapours and ineffable melodies.

Ere long the renown of the youthful hermit spread far and wide. People came to visit the valley believing it to be a spot favoured by Heaven; they hailed it with enthusiasm and veneration. Many families repaired thither: cottages began to be erected there; many came to put themselves under the protection of this favourite of Heaven. They watched whither he went, and when they occasionally met him in the mountains, they requested his prayers and implored his blessing. Such was the origin of a small town destined afterwards to become a capital.

Kevin was sleeping in the innermost recess of his cave; he was then twenty-five years old. Suddenly his eyelids opened and he beheld an angel with white wings rise from the clear waters of the lake. This angel had beautiful fair hair and the celestial countenance of a young virgin ;

he shook his moist wings, dried his wet locks, and flew over the Lake of Glendalough towards the anchorite's cavern. Oh, how lovely was the messenger of Heaven! His brow sparkled with purity, his soft looks were dazzling. To see him, to hear and approach him was a foretaste of Paradise!

The heart of the holy hermit began to beat with enthusiasm; a transport of divine love possessed him—divine love in all its boundless power! Any other than he would have been alarmed; it was too much for human nature to endure.

“Arise, Kevin,” said the angel to him. “God willeth that thou shouldest extend his worship and propagate his faith. Thou shalt build here several churches, and Glendalough shall be the capital of Ireland.”

“God’s will be done!” answered the favourite of Heaven. “How many churches doth the Lord will that I should build? His servant is ready—let him command!”


“To-morrow thou shalt be told the number. Listen at dawn of day to the first words that shall be addressed to thee on the shore of the

lake. The appointed number shall then be declared to thee."

With these words the angel disappeared.

The young and handsome hermit arose; his heart still throbbed quickly, he still seemed to behold the enchanting figure of his dream. Of his dream! had he then been asleep?—Oh no, it was more, it was better than a dream, it was a vision of the abode of the blessed. He descended to the shore of the lake; the sun was rising behind the mountains, and began to gild their summits. The meadows were enamelled with flowers, the song of the birds and the shepherd's pipe resounded through the groves. The valley was awaking, in the midst of music, light, and perfume. Nature had never appeared so fair to St. Kevin—the angel had hallowed all.

Suddenly a fisherman's wife emerged from behind a rock; she walked with an irresolute and troubled step. One would have said that she knew not whither she was going, her walk was so undetermined. The hermit advanced towards her; he shuddered at the sight of her ragged garments, at the pallor of her brow, and the wildness of her look. The poor woman was



carrying something concealed in her apron and was weeping bitterly.

"Whither are you going, good mother?" asked the anchorite.

"Good mother!" replied the wretched woman trembling as she spoke, "Oh Heaven what words!"

"That is no answer," continued the Saint in a severe tone. "You are going towards the lake: what have you hidden in your dress?"

"Small fish—which are of no use. I was going to throw them back into the water."

"And why?"

"I cannot sell them, and they would not be good to eat."

"No matter, I will buy them of you. How much do you ask? I will take them."

The fisherman's wife recoiled with horror. "Impossible! oh yes, impossible!"

And, wringing her hands with a wild expression of countenance, she fell at the hermit's feet.

"I am a wretch, an infamous creature! Do you know what was my intention? God has sent you to prevent its accomplishment, I was about to throw my children into the lake."

"Your children! Heavens where are they?"

"Enveloped in these rags."

"You have several?"

"I have seven."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Saint with a strange exclamation of surprise and joy; "Seven! Behold, the promised number!"

"Promised!" repeated the fisherman's wife, amazed and confounded, "To whom? Where? How is this?"

She expected in answer a storm of reproaches, a well-deserved malediction; but on the contrary beheld only a pensive smile, a contented look, an inspired and pre-occupied air.

"Good," said the hermit to himself in a low voice. "I will build seven churches on this spot."

The poor mother listened.

"Seven churches!" echoed she.

The little children had fallen from her apron, and in the distress of her mind she had not observed it. They were crying on the grass.

The Saint approached and looked at them.

"Ah, pardon, pardon!" cried the unhappy woman recalled thus to a consciousness of her situation, and to her remorse; "I was not born for such cruel deeds. But what could I do? My husband and myself lack both work and bread,

we have no money to hire a cabin, and we sleep in an out-house where we are allowed to remain out of charity. And yet, did I not become a mother, and give birth to seven children? It was a mockery of Heaven! My husband was furious at it. Seven children to bring up, to lodge, to take care of, to feed; and with no house, no bed, not even a bit of bread. Without strength and without food, I should not have had sufficient milk even for one child, and the Lord gave me seven! I said to myself in my despair, 'They must be given back to Him who sent them!' You will allow that this unexpected, living, hungry family had the appearance of a machination of the Evil One. I commenced by blaspheming. At last I lost my senses, and came hither at sunrise to cast them all into the lake. See, count them well, there are seven."

And in fact the hermit did count them. There were six boys and one girl. His thoughts became more and more abstracted; one predominating idea alone occupied him.

"Yes," murmured he, "seven churches."

The fisherman's wife, persuaded that she had lost her senses in attributing to St. Kevin other

words than those which he had really said, gazed on him with a gloomy and stupified air.

The Apostle of Glendalough recovered from his reverie.

“Poor creature!” he resumed in an accent full of pity. “God will, I trust, have compassion on you. He has sent you to me, or rather me to you—we are both the instruments of his mysterious design. Weep no more; you shall henceforth want neither work nor bread. I shall require many workmen: I shall have money and provisions. I am about to build seven churches here.”

“I do not understand him,” said the unhappy mother to herself, “but he is inspired from above. I feel myself as if new-born and endowed with new life.”

“I will only leave you one child,” pursued the anchorite, “this pretty little girl. I will take charge of the boys, they shall be brought up at my expense. Go, repent, and pray!”

Soon the valley resounded only with the noise of hammers, axes and saws. St. Kevin had made an appeal to public piety, he had announced throughout the country that the



Lord had chosen Glendalough as the seat of Christianity in Ireland, and that Glendalough should before long become the capital of the kingdom. His eloquent words were hailed with general enthusiasm. Whole populations rushed in multitudes to assist in the sacred work ; and seven churches were founded. St. Kevin, the oracle of the land, beheld every will at his command, and every heart at his feet : his life of miracles commenced.* One day, the husband of the woman with seven children fell from the top of a roof and was killed. The widow, overpowered with grief, found herself again without a resource ; she still nursed the little girl which had been left to her. Alas ! the maternal source was drained. The poor woman, placing her child near the cathedral on a stone

* Tradition relates the following fact. "The workmen of the holy founder laboured with such ardour that they nearly killed themselves with over-work. They hardly slept at all ; and as soon as the lark began to sing, they all hastened to their task. Kevin, seeing this, and wishing to husband their strength, drove the larks from the neighbourhood, and since then, not one has ever been seen there. The proof of this may still be tested. 'There is no lark at Glendalough.'—*Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies.*

hollowed in the form of a basin, called the hermit to her aid.

“Who will now feed my poor Kathleen?” said she to him showing him at the same time her almost expiring child, and her bosom entirely dried up. “Look, how lovely she is!”

“True,” answered the anchorite, surveying the child with surprise; “but be calm, she will live.”

“Who then will preserve her?”

“The Lord. Leave her here—you shall see.”

The Saint and the mother withdrew. At that very moment a doe emerged from the adjoining wood, approached the spot where Kathleen lay, poured a refreshing draught of milk into her mouth, then filled the hollow of the stone on which she had been placed, and the little girl was saved. Every evening the prodigy was renewed. The stone still exists, and the traveller pauses to examine it.*

Years passed away, the new city was founded. Nothing was talked of but the benevolence and virtue of the wondrous hermit. Kathleen’s

* This miracle was related to me while standing by the identical stone.

mother was dead: St. Kevin had caused her pretty little daughter to be brought up with every care at a distance from his own abode, and had established in life her six brothers. An entire country created at his voice, a country whose idol he was loaded him with the liveliest proofs of love and gratitude. The seven churches were continually full of faithful worshippers, and hardly sufficed to contain the vast number of residents and strangers who came thither to implore the Almighty. Until then, the Saint had experienced nothing but triumphs. God was about to send him trials.

St. Kevin was in his forty-second year. Still endowed with prodigious strength and perfect beauty, he lived more retired than ever in the silence of his solitude. Giving himself up to the most austere penitential discipline, he no longer occupied his thoughts with aught save religious meditation. His mission was accomplished: he had no further need of men. Moreover his capital began to alarm him, for commerce and wealth were bringing thither the seductions of luxury and art. By the side of the churches, theatres might perhaps soon be built. Religion had its splendours; pleasure claimed also its

worship. The holy hermit should have fled from the spot.

His only joy was to quit now and then his inaccessible cavern, at the close of day and to go and thank the Lord, in the holy recesses of his churches, for the prosperity of his country. One evening, he was praying there with fervour, when on a sudden, close beside him, the sound of suppressed breathing aroused him from his pious reverie. At a few paces off, illumined by the lamp of the sanctuary, was a female figure, dressed in white and of ethereal aspect, kneeling at the foot of the altar. Her looks were turned towards him in contemplative admiration. Oh, Heaven ! could he believe his eyes. The angel of the lake was again before him ; the angel, who, seventeen years ago, conveyed to him the divine command. He recognised those enchanting features ; there was the same gentle look, the fair locks, the same dazzling brightness ; the wings alone were wanting.

The anchorite's heart re-commenced beating, with the same transport as on the angel's first appearance. Was it indeed divine love ? Too pure himself to doubt it, he did not ask himself the question.

The young girl came to him.

"I am Kathleen," said she, "you have never consented to see or hear me. And why? That has been hidden from me. How often have I sought you since my brothers withdrew me from the pious retreat where, thanks to you, I was brought up, and where I learned to bless your name. How often have I prayed Heaven that I might find you, for I am your child; without you, I should have perished in the lake."

"Kathleen!" exclaimed the Saint. "What, the child fed by the doe!"

"Will you not stretch out your hand to me?" resumed the young girl with a trembling voice, the accents of which were ineffably melodious.

"Oh, yes!" said the hermit to himself in a low tone. "It must be an angel."

He gazed on her with ecstasy; he had no presentiment of the danger he was incurring. In his agitation his reason forsook him. Alas! and in the involuntary excitement of an admiration, in which religion had no longer a share, he pressed her hand in his own.

What a consuming fire suddenly penetrated

his frame ! For the first time a similar disorder affected his heart.

"Kathleen, leave me," said the Saint, while his eyes bade her stay.

"No," replied the orphan with a most caressing smile and a most artless accent. "No, I will not go. I love you !"

"You love me !" interrupted the Apostle of Glendalough with a cry of affright. "Since when ?"

"Since many years."

"How old then are you ?"

"Seventeen."

"Kathleen, I conjure you !" replied the hermit, clasping his hands, and almost falling at her feet. "If you really love me, depart."

"And why ?" asked the gentle girl with child-like simplicity. "Is it wrong to love ?"

"Ah ! that depends on how one loves," answered the Saint, turning pale.

"One may then be wrong in loving ? Be it so : I am sure that I am right."

"Kathleen ! enough ; leave me."

"No, no, I will not quit you so soon. Have I no thanks to return you ? Your

benevolence has rescued me from abject misery : my brothers owe their existence and their fortunes to you. Is it not my duty to express my gratitude to you? Hear me. I know not how long your image alone has been present to my mind. How often, from behind a pillar in the church, have I stood motionless contemplating your features ! How often from the shore of the lake have I gazed on the cave where you were praying as one gazes on the Heaven where God dwelleth ! I have said to myself : ' Oh, if ever I can approach him and hear him, if ever he speaks to me and listens to me, if I can touch his hand or his garment, what joy and what happiness ! ' Well, God has crowned my wishes : I have approached you, you have spoken to me, I have touched your hand, yet I survive such emotions. Oh ! where you are, there must be immortality ! Yes, but if you depart without promising to return, if I no longer see you, I shall die."

All this was said with an artlessness, an emotion, an innocence, an unconsciousness beyond example. Kathleen was at this moment in St. Kevin's eyes something between an angel

and a demon. He had no strength to fly, he had no wish to stay: he was no longer himself. Alas! he who was once a Saint, was now not even a man.

On a sudden the lamp of the sanctuary grew dim. Outside the church a sepulchral chant was heard. Could it be a mysterious summons from the Almighty, or was it a funeral procession? The hermit, abruptly rescued from the dangers which surrounded him, quitted the young girl.

"Kathleen!" said he to her in a voice as mournful as the hymns which sounded on his ear, "listen to the strains of the tomb! Knowest thou not that I am dead to the world? Art thou ignorant that I belong to God alone? I have saved thee—wilt thou destroy me?"

"I destroy thee!" answered Kathleen in alarm. "Oh! the Lord would not permit it. Our two hearts are known to him. My morning hymns breathe your name to him, my evening song is filled with thoughts of you: you and He are my existence. How then should He blame me? Is not gratitude a virtue? Is not its very nature holy? Ah!

when I open my heart to God, He does not reject my prayers: God encourages me to love you."

"Again!" interrupted St. Kevin. "Tempting spirit, leave me! No, thou art not in the paths of righteousness; no, no, it is not God who sends thee!"

And the anchorite fled.

Days and weeks passed. The founder of the Seven Churches appeared no more in the open country. Shut up in his inaccessible cavern, he never left it, except for a few moments, under the shelter of darkness and unseen, to seek the food necessary to support existence. A report began to be current that he would no more be seen among men; that he was already in the bosom of the Almighty; and that, being united to the spirits of Heaven, his earthly career was closed.

This complete disappearance of the benefactor of Glendalough caused a profound sorrow and real alarm throughout the neighbourhood. Crowds came in procession to the foot of the rock inhabited by him: they called him, but received no answer. Yet he was there, they had seen him: he still existed. They dared not

push their indiscretion so far as to try to penetrate into his cave in spite of him. They sighed heavily and retired.

What was St. Kevin doing then? Alas! on his knees in the interior of his cave, condemning himself to undergo the severest penance, he was beating his breast in despair, and exclaiming—

“My God! pity—she is so beautiful! Oh, Heaven! aid me, I love her.”

He never named Kathleen. “*She*,” that word was enough. Whom could he love, if not her? God understood; but did he forgive him?

Yes, he hoped for pardon; fasting, mortification, sack-cloth and prayer pleaded his cause night and day. By dint of repentant meditation, he had succeeded in persuading himself that Kathleen had only been a vision raised by the Spirit of Darkness: that she was not in reality such as she had appeared to him: and that none but the tempter, in order to destroy him, had taken the form of the Angel of the Lake. This idea by degrees reassured him. He could not yet entirely banish from his fancy the ravishing image of Kathleen:

he avoided thinking of it, and suffered less. He prayed much ; but he continued to love.

Night extended her shadows over the mountain: the moon had risen and silvered with its pale rays the surface of the lake. St. Kevin, his eyes fixed on the lonely valley, recalled to mind the divine messenger whom he had seen rising from the waters with his fair hair and white wings. He stretched out his arms involuntarily towards the solitary shore from whence the angel had flown to him.

“ Oh, return, return !” cried he. “ Child of the Lord, where art thou ?”

“ I am here !” answered a voice sweeter than the sound of an Eolian harp agitated by the evening breeze.

The angel stood at the entrance of the cave with the same celestial robe, the same alabaster brow, and the same divine countenance as before. Yes, it was indeed the child of the Lord.

“ Come, if God sends thee !” said the hermit.

Then, interrupting himself in alarm, “ No, no, approach me not,” pursued he, “ I see not thy white wings.”

“ Nevertheless I stood in need of them,” replied the gentle vision. “ I thought to perish

before reaching this spot: I have succeeded, but by a miracle. God has aided: has sustained me."

"Thou art Kathleen, is it not so?" interrupted St. Kevin greatly agitated. "Ah! mingle not the name of God with the inspirations of Satan! The latter alone can have guided thee."

"*Satan!*" repeated the young girl with an angelic smile. "He! Learn what brings me hither. This morning, at Glendalough, a report was spread that you had ceased to live. I said to myself, 'I will repair to his cave. If he be dead, I will shed my last tears by his side, for I shall follow him to the tomb. If he live, I will bid him a last farewell, for I shall retire into a convent.' Fearless I came, and spotless I shall return."

"Thou thinkest so!" replied the hermit. "But thy confidence is an illusion, thy artlessness is a snare. We are on the brink of an abyss."

"If we do not fall into it, what matter?"

"Oh! I feel my feet already tottering," interrupted the unhappy St. Kevin, fixing his burning looks on the virgin of Glendalough. "A giddiness comes over me. Daughter of temptation

and love, behold the emotions occasioned by thy presence! I am almost on the point of saying the words which thou sayest, of telling thee also, 'I love thee!' But my accents would not have the chaste simplicity of thine. My thoughts would be far removed from the innocent purity of thine. Thou dost not explain thy feelings: I understand mine. Thy tenderness is a sweet perfume—mine is a burning poison."

The mists of the lake arose at this moment as if to enshroud the cave with a mysterious veil; the delicious odours of the meadow ascended in the midst of these transparent clouds like a voluptuous incense. On the rocks in the distance, vague melodies resounded, as if some of the sons of Fingal were breathing there their songs of love. The hermit fell at Kathleen's feet.

"I am lost—lost!" cried he. "I shall be accursed, for I love thee! Thou mayst have come hither fearless, but spotless thou shalt not return."

The gentle maiden, alarmed at these passionate accents, at this frightful struggle between duty and love, at the strong arms already opening to embrace her, retreated with a cry of surprise. Alas! she stood at the entrance of

the cavern, and doubly on the brink of a precipice ; this entrance was an arch opening on the lake, and cut in the steep rock. The unfortunate girl's foot slipped. St. Kevin sprang forward and strove to hinder her from falling ; but his usual strength forsook him, a power superior to his own resisted his will. Instead of arresting Kathleen's fall, his hand, in spite of himself, pushed her still farther, and in trying to save her, he precipitated her into the lake. The virgin uttered a piteous cry : the rocks were dyed with her blood—she disappeared in the abyss.

St. Kevin, his hair erect on his forehead, rushed out of the cavern to deprive the lake of its victim. But his limbs had lost their wonted agility, he bruised himself against the rocks ; he could no longer triumph over the difficulties which rendered his retreat inaccessible. He tottered in his turn, slipped, fell violently to the foot of the rock, and became insensible.

The first rays of morning were illumining the summit of the round tower of Glendalough, and gilding the steeples of the Seven Churches. The hermit recovered his senses slowly : he was alone, stretched on the deserted shore, his body terribly bruised and shattered. His eyelids

were half open; he could not yet thoroughly recollect the fearful occurrence of the preceding night; he only felt a vague, inexplicable sensation of alarm. He understood not why he was there, and yet, without naming any one, he clasped his hands, and prayed thus,

“My God! take compassion on her soul!”

Heavens! could it be an illusion! That very instant, amid the mists of the valley, he saw on the opposite shore of the lake an aerial and visionary form. He thought the features were familiar to him. It was dressed in white, and was drying in the morning breeze its fair locks, from which the water was dripping. Its robe was quite wet, as if it had just emerged from the waves; it was again the *Angel of the Lake*. The fog thickened. Oh wonder! A ray of light fell on the marvellous vision. The angel once more wore its white wings, and with a smile on its lips, mounted upwards to the clouds.

“Oh! come, come back to me!” cried the hermit.

But the angel turned away its head. It fled, and returned no more.

The sun was on the point of completing its daily course, it was sinking to the horizon and disappearing behind the mountain. A group of aged men and women directed their steps to the hermit's rock. Their heads hung down, their hands were clasped, and grief was on every countenance. St. Kevin, motionless and dumb, was seated on a stone by the side of the lake; one would have thought him a statue of despair. His reason had not yet entirely returned; he had not been able to mount again to his cave.

"Holy man of God!" said one of the old men who advanced towards him; "a great misfortune has befallen us. An orphan girl of this district, whose candour, virtues, and beauty were admired by all—who was loved by the whole country round; in a word, Kathleen—is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the hermit, casting a haggard look around him.

"She has been drowned in the lake," continued one of the young girls of Glendalough. "Her body was found this morning on the shore; it has been taken to the church. Come and pray for her, come! she was your adopted child. Oh, how she loved you!"

"Yes, she loved me, I know it," answered the hermit, with a bewildered air, wiping his eyes which were full of tears.

"Dead ! and no one knows how !" resumed the eldest of the group ; "was it by murder, or suicide ? We summon you to our aid. At least, you can save her soul."

"It is already saved," said the Apostle ; "no matter, I will follow you. Let us go."

Suddenly he regained his strength, he was calm and silent. Calm ! yet he suffered—even to death. Arriving at the church where Kathleen had been laid, he beheld her, pale and cold, reclining in her shroud. Alas ! her heart no longer beat—that heart which had so warmly loved ! He sank on his knees beside her.

"Oh, my angel !" murmured he.

The Saint could add no more : his voice was stifled by sobs, and his prayer broken by grief.

He placed her in her coffin, superintended her funeral obsequies, and led the way to her last resting-place ; then, kneeling on her grave, he addressed a supplication to God. The holy man's prayer was granted—it was this :

"That all those who should be interred in the cemetery where Kathleen lay, might go like her to Heaven."

Glory to the tombs of Glendalough !*

* Thomas Moore, in his *Irish Melodies*, has devoted some stanzas to the Saint of the Seven Churches and the Virgin of Glendalough. The last of these I subjoin, and add to it my own French version, or rather free imitation ; for I have not copied the expressions, I have only attempted to translate the idea :

Glendalough ! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
 Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late,)
 Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
 When he said, " Heav'n rest her soul !"
 Round the lake light music stole ;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide !

O Glendalough ! tes sombres flots
 Engloutirent l'infortunée :
 Et le Saint, mais trop tard, pleurant sa destinée,
 Comprit son amour par ses maux.
 O mon Dieu ! dit Kévin d'une voix consternée,
 Donne lui l'éternel repos !"
 A l'instant même, sur la plage,
 Le long du lac mystérieux,
 S'élèvent, du rocher sauvage,
 Les sons d'un luth mélodieux . . .
 Et l'ombre de Kathleen, à travers le bocage,
 Glissent sur l'eau, près du rivage,
 Monte, en souriant, vers les cieux."

CHAPTER V.

I REMAINED a long time contemplating the tombs of the departed city : from thence I penetrated the remains of the ancient cathedral, and then, after paying my respects to the sacred stone, I inquired my way to the cave of the Saint.

Lord Plunket's son, the Hon. David Plunket, had engaged a country guide to accompany us ; this guide, as we traversed the ruins of Glendalough related to us legends connected with it, and dating anterior to St. Kevin. My mind being full of melancholy thoughts, I felt it at first extremely difficult to attend to anything laughable ; but, at length, by dint of listening to our Irishman's stories, I joined freely in the general merriment they excited. Our guide, passing over the sacred tradition of the valley, spoke of times past in quite a different style :

he selected his subjects from a more remote age. It was chiefly to me that our guide loved to relate his stories for I listened to him with a serious air. This man, who had read prodigiously, and whose head was full of high-sounding names mixed up with great events, confounded them all together with the most unsuspecting credulity, and the most surprising boldness. He saw that I was a foreigner, and confident of his own talent as a narrator, he was delighted to display in my hearing the extent of his knowledge. The following is an abridgment of his narrative, which I will give as nearly as I can in his own words :

“ Your honour must first know that Finmacoul in those days was the King of the country. It was before the Danes from the coasts of the *Mediterranean* came to conquer Ireland. Finmacoul, a terrible giant, was as learned as Socrates : he had been to school with the prophet Jeremiah after the taking of Jerusalem.

“ It was Finmacoul, who built the Giant’s Causeway. Your honour will doubtless go to see this curiosity in the north of Ireland. There was a bold work ! Nevertheless, he would have done better if he had erected a church here like

St. Kevin, instead of paving the sea with colonnades, for Finmacoul at heart was an excellent Catholic, and the proof is, that as there were at that time no priests in Ireland, he went to hear mass at Ephesus."

"Mass!" I exclaimed; "at what date might that occur if you please?"

"Five hundred years before Jesus Christ."

"Wonderful! Go on."

"One day the giant, returning from vespers, brought back with him two young strangers, brothers of good family, to whom he had spoken much in praise of Ireland. Their names were Remus and Romulus."

Here a burst of laughter greatly offended the narrator; he looked at the individual who was guilty of this disrespect, with an indignant air, and then, turning towards me, resumed his story.

"Your honour, I am certain knows perfectly well who these princes were that I am talking about. A great misfortune happened here to the eldest who was quarrelling with his younger brother: he took it into his head out of malice to throw him from the top of that rock which you see there, to the bottom. Remus had his

skull fractured, and died on the spot. Thus it was that Romulus was crowned sole Emperor."

"You are taking a lesson in Roman history," said Lord Plunket's son to me.

"Finmacoul," pursued the guide, "was in the main a good fellow, but sometimes notwithstanding he was in a peevish humour. There was another giant in Ireland, who was a relation of his: this was a poet who sang like a nightingale and whose name was Ossian."

Here there was a general burst of laughter.

"I am not imposing on your honour," resumed the guide, gravely. "Ossian is certainly no fable. I know there are some mischievous people who say so; but honest folks in Ireland do not disown the glories of their country."

"They are quite right," replied I.

My guide gave me a smile of thanks.

"Ossian," he continued, "paid frequent visits to Finmacoul. The one sat here on this mountain to the north, the other there on that cliff to the south. There was nothing between them but the valley and the village: the lake did not then exist. The two giants shook each other by the hand above the houses and meadows:

they drank and clinked glasses together ; sometimes they read the newspaper."

"Where was it printed ?" I inquired.

"At the University of Upsala. A third giant, called Thor, lent one now and then to Ossian. One day, when the son of Odin had come from Sweden to Glendalough to chat with his friend, Finmacoul picked a quarrel with him on the subject of music, drew his sword and said to him, 'Thou shalt give me satisfaction for this !' 'That is all fair,' replied Ossian ; 'but Thor has not brought his sword, and I have nothing here but my harp.' 'Give it me, I will make a sword of it,' said the strong Finmacoul. Then twisting the bard's instrument in his fingers, he shortened, lengthened, flattened, bent, stretched, and squeezed it, and at last made it into a sword. As soon as he had finished, enchanted with his handiwork, he was anxious to try its temper, and with one blow divided the mountain. The cleft is there still—look."

In truth, the rock was there before my eyes, cut in two from top to bottom. My guide assumed a triumphant air.

"Well," I continued, "and the duel ?"

“It was to have taken place, your honour, on the broad summit of the mountain to the south; but Finmacoul being thirsty had a fancy for drinking before he fought; he drew a bottle of whisky out of his wallet. ‘Wilt thou have a drop too?’ he asked his rival. ‘Willingly,’ said the Swede. And Thor took the giant’s flask; but handling it awkwardly, he broke the bottle, and the valley was inundated. That was the origin of the lake.”

“Nothing can be clearer. And the duel?”

“Jesus Maria! How can you imagine that honest folks like Finmacoul, Ossian, and Thor could have thought for a moment, seeing the disastrous inundation, of anything but saving the inhabitants of the country! They flew in aid of the victims; the village was entirely under water; but the people though buried in the lake did not remain at the bottom. Those who had perished were interred on the summit of the mountain with all the pious ceremonies which promote salvation. Thor built the hearses, Finmacoul dug the graves, and Ossian sang over them. This reconciled the three heroes to one another.”

I confess that these stories, related so seriously,

had the same effect on me as the story of the "Ass's Skin" had on La Fontaine. I took an extreme delight in them.*

"And the giant tower yonder?" I inquired of my narrator; "it was, doubtless, built by Finmacoul. For what purpose, do you know?"

"Yes, it was his pencil-case."

I certainly did not expect this novel explanation. It was not supported by learned commentaries, like those of erudite chroniclers; this one was less profound, but were the others more lucid? They might be of far greater importance—this was much more amusing.

We continued our route amid the remains of the ancient city. Our guide shewed us, in one of the Seven Churches, of which there remained nothing but half a turret and the ruins of a sanctuary, the tomb of King O'Toole; he spoke of him as having been one of the most renowned monarchs of his day. No one contradicted him. The admirer of Finmacoul occasionally interrupted his narrative to sing us some of

* *Peau d'Ane*, a celebrated French fairy tale. La Fontaine, in allusion to this story, said:

Si Peau d'Ane m'était conté,
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême.

Thomas Moore's Irish melodies, and principally the Death of Kathleen; and his voice, amid the ruins of this plain of death, had a melancholy and harmonious sound which was not without poetical effect.


"There," said he pointing out to me a mutilated cross; "this was broken by a cannon ball. Cannot your honour see a perfect impression of two horse-shoes on this stone? Well, a villager being suspected of stealing a mare, St. Kevin said to the accused: 'Pass on horseback over this stone, and if thou art innocent, thou wilt leave no mark there.' The peasant obeyed, and both the mare's shoes penetrated into the stone as if it had been as soft as wax; the criminal was therefore executed. As to the ball which broke one of the arms of this cross, it happened in the time of the rebellion of 1798. A great battle was fought here. There on that level was a battery of cannon belonging to the English; and this level so very smooth and so very polished was the seal of Finmacoul. He used to seal his dispatches with it when he wrote to Jeremiah his old school-fellow."

Nothing could be more comic and original than the mixture of histories, truths, sacred

legends, and fairy tales, which this man related with the most unshaken gravity. He had repeated this nonsense so often to travellers, that he had ended by identifying himself with it. He adhered to it as firmly as he did to his own existence ; he believed it at all risks and without reflection. It was at once his income, his country, his religion, and his life.

We penetrated amid the mountains which bordered the lake through a narrow and gloomy defile. There a torrent was rolling its waters in a series of cascades with a most noisy harmony. The Waterfall of Poulness is a continued succession of cataracts leaping here and there, from rock to rock, amid trees lying crosswise, crags falling right and left, and a general confusion of nature. I was rambling with delight among these mysterious defiles, when Mr. David Plunket approached me.

"The giant Finmacoul," said he, "has just performed a new miracle here. I have discovered beneath the waterfall a basket of iced champagne, and at the foot of an adjoining tree a chicken and some ham. There can be no doubt that this is a delicate attention on the part



of the ancient King of Glendalough. Let us drink the health of Finmacoul."

We found the repast delicious, and then returned to the lake, where a boat awaited us in which we proceeded towards St. Kevin's Cave. This famous retreat is entirely hollowed out, to a vast height, in the perpendicular side of the rock. I had a longing to climb up to it. In vain the risk of the undertaking was urged upon me; my desire to accomplish it increased and I set forth. On arriving at the spot which is really dangerous, and where, suspended over an abyss, one might very well feel giddy, a voice thus addressed me,

"Are you afraid?"

"Never," I answered.

"It is very natural," resumed the voice.

"You are from France."

I turned my head and perceived a peasant woman of the mountain gazing at me with a vague and melancholy smile. I confess this unexpected homage to the French character on these remote shores went directly to my heart. The poor Irishwoman who scarcely knew anything of the world, had nevertheless heard some-

thing of the glory of that great country. Oh, yes ! that great country !—for there is no isolated region, no wretched cabin, which the name of France has not reached. Who knows if in her dilapidated mountain hut, in the absence of bed, food, and fire, I might not have found some picture commemorating our victories or our disasters, in all colours, and accompanied perhaps by a daubed poetical lamentation for the dead.

I arrived at last safe and sound at St. Kevin's cave. How could Kathleen have penetrated thither ? That can only be explained by supposing her to have borrowed the wings of the angel whose features she wore. On the rock which was dyed with her blood, red stains may still be seen. I was shewn the abyss in which she had perished, and descending once more to the lake, I sat down on the stone where St. Kevin had wept.

The celebrated cave is small and of considerable depth. Walter Scott visited it in 1825 : I saw his name on the wall, mine is now inscribed there. I, like him, have been there ; he, like me, has indulged in a reverie there. Two names—two visits—two reveries !

We were again sailing on the lake of the

Seven Churches when our little skiff struck against I know not what beneath the surface.

"Fear nothing," said our guide; "the boats that pass along here now and then touch some of the roofs or chimneys of the ancient village which was swallowed up when Thor broke Finmacoul's bottle of whisky."

And this was said without a smile.

In our bark was an old sailor's wife covered with rags who said to me in almost unintelligible English,

"I was once at Paris: I know some French words still."

I gave her a small piece of money, for she was sinking with misery and want.

"Let us hear one of your French words," said I, on quitting her.

She raised her head proudly, and, certain of being able to prove her veracity, exclaimed with an air of triumph,

"Buona notte, Signor!"

The day drew near its close. We mounted once more, some on horseback, some in carriages, and returned to Old Connaught.

Since my landing in England, one name had continually resounded in my ear; a name which



the hundred tongues of fame were bearing from one end of the world to another: O'Connell. I was very anxious to see this most extraordinary man, who stirred up whole populations at his will and pleasure, who travelled from place to place surrounded by four or five hundred thousand men when he chose to summon them; who held, as it were in his own hand, the will of all Ireland; and who, while sowing the seeds of agitation and tumult, enjoined universal tranquillity and peace.

How can one explain a movement which ordains inaction—a storm which commands a calm—a revolt which says, “Lay down your arms!” Such is the state of things caused by O'Connell as it appeared to me. I had forbidden myself all political discussion respecting him, and whether the fury of hatred inveighed against *the rebel*, or the exaggeration of enthusiasm hailed *the Liberator*, I listened without contradicting. I had come to Ireland merely as an observer and as a poet; I only wished to see and describe. I considered O'Connell simply as one of those great historical characters who appear, at long intervals, on earth, for the purpose of accomplishing some mysterious design of Providence. Such beings can only be

definitively glorified or condemned by posterity. I had determined not to hazard any opinion of my own ; I will still persevere in my resolution. I will present the picture without discussing its merits ; I will mention the effect without developing the cause ; I will not judge, I will not describe.

On the 15th of August, Assumption Day, the famous meeting was to be held at Tara, where I was assured from six to seven hundred thousand men were to assemble round O'Connell. I quitted Old Connaught to repair thither.

On the banks of the wildest lake, beneath the most sterile mountains in the County of Wicklow, is the most singular retreat imaginable. I stopped there in my way. Lough Bray belongs to the celebrated physician, Sir . Philip Crampton ; its environs display nothing but lonely flats, barren strands, heaths and swamps. Not a hamlet is to be seen, not a living creature ; not a bird is to be heard there, for there is no shade ; not a labourer is visible, for there is no land to cultivate. One would imagine it to be a vast cemetery.

The sun was setting behind the mountain,

when I arrived at this species of Siberia, in which stood what I may call the *châlet* of Sir Philip Crampton. By the side of a silent lake the picturesque dwelling, with its walls carved in every variety of tracery externally, and its elegant decorations within, was artistically erected in front of a deep cliff, without trees and without vegetation, like a flower among tombs. A wild and misty landscape encircled the pretty cottage: it was a smiling *oasis* in the midst of a dreary desert. What a poetic contrast! This spot, with its savage elegance and dismal splendour, once seen could never be forgotten.

Sir Philip Crampton's three daughters were standing near him, presenting fresh features of loveliness to relieve the gloominess of the picture. At once rustic and elegant, half sombre, half embellished, the *ensemble* was most charming.

Opposite the balcony of my room lay the lake and its sandy shore. I was told that the violence of the wind uprooted most pitilessly everything that grew there; and yet, on digging beneath the surrounding mountains, the trunks of trees have been discovered. Forests then have once existed there. Why are they now impossible?

The more we travel, the more we are perplexed by the immeasurable mysteries of creation. Around Lough Bray, upon broad elevations, extend immense peat grounds. It has been proved by geological science that these very elevations were anciently valleys, whereas the parts which now lie below them were formerly high ground. But how has the valley become a mountain, and the mountain a swamp? Volcanoes, according to naturalists, have produced this confusion: but where are the craters of these volcanoes? No trace of them is discoverable.

Sir Philip Crampton brought me back to Dublin in his carriage. "Here," said he, pointing out to me some most suspicious looking wilds, which one would have fancied to be the haunts of cut-throats, "not a theft, not a crime is heard of; there is no court of justice near. For fifteen or twenty leagues round, a trial, a sentence, or an execution are things unknown. Look at these flocks wandering here and there without a guardian or a guide: they are never lost. Many poor creatures here have nothing to live upon, and yet, they never think for a moment of prolonging existence by killing

a lamb, by stealing an egg, by milking a cow. If in order to live they were obliged to steal, they would rather die. They are a primitive people ; specimens of humanity before the fall."

I merely passed through the Irish capital,* and slept on the 14th of August at Celbridge Abbey, the seat of Mr. Henry Grattan, one of the opposition members and a devoted friend of O'Connell. Tara is not far from Celbridge.

I found Mr. Grattan in the midst of his numerous family, consisting of four sons and six daughters ; his father was the famous Grattan so well-known.† His abode was also celebrated as having been the residence of the political writer Swift, author of Gulliver, the Boileau of Great Britain. I was lodged in the 'ghost's chamber'. On my appearing surprised

* Shortly before reaching Dublin, I visited Killakie, the beautiful residence of Colonel White's brother. I found there marble halls and gilded *salons*, decorated with the masterpieces of Italian art.

† I had already been at Tinnehinch where this great orator lived. Tinnehinch is near Old Connaught. Henry Grattan, at the time of the first Restoration of the Bourbons, had been to see the island of Elba and Napoleon.

at the name, the following story was related to me.

“A young and pretty Irishwoman, called Vanessa, became passionately enamoured of Swift: the Abbey of Celbridge was her property. Swift frequently visited her there, and every time that he entered her beautiful gardens which were watered by a delightful stream, Vanessa planted a laurel there; the laurels have now grown into an immense wood. Vanessa thought herself beloved. One day, Swift arrived at Celbridge; he was as joyous, amiable, and tender, as usual; nevertheless, on quitting his mistress at the close of the day, he bade her adieu in an unaccustomed tone. Love is easily alarmed; the gentle Irishwoman had a presentiment of some approaching calamity. She perceived a letter addressed to her lying on a table; Swift had left it there as he departed. She seized it eagerly, and read these words, “I have forsaken you—I have bidden you a last farewell, we shall see each other no more.” Vanessa sank in a swoon, and a few days afterwards her mortal remains were laid beneath the cold turf of the grave.

Swift purchased the Abbey of Celbridge. It

is not said whether he did this with the intention of there lamenting his victim ; nor is his cruelty towards her explained : all we know is that a new love took possession of him, and that Stella was its object. Swift held marriage in abhorrence ; but as Stella, far from sharing his ideas on this point, resisted his guilty passion, he found himself obliged in order to attain the happiness he coveted to conduct her to the altar : the only condition he imposed was that their union should remain a secret. Stella took up her abode at Celbridge ; but, as she passed only for Swift's mistress, and was consequently stigmatised by public opinion, her life was far from happy. One night, it is said, Vanessa appeared to her in the very chamber where she had received Swift's fatal adieu. What the object of her visit was, is not known. From that time a change came over Stella's lovely features ; a gloomy despair took possession of her, her brow grew pale, her cheeks hollow, her grace, her spirits, her youth, all vanished by degrees.

"What is the matter with you ?" Swift asked her anxiously.

"I shall die soon," she answered with a

trembling voice, "if you do not openly declare our marriage."

Swift left her without a reply.

The disease made rapid progress. Stella felt with joy that the close of her sufferings was at hand. Returning after a short absence, Swift found her on her knees in her chamber; she resembled a spectre.

"Oh!" cried he, seized with alarm, "I will avow the marriage!"

"It is too late," answered Stella with a melancholy smile.

She expired on the following day.

Heaven avenged the two victims. Swift had built a hospital for lunatics in Dublin; he himself went mad—and was confined there. His name is not the less immortal:—the man has disappeared in the writer.

At Celbridge there is a gothic tower adorned with two colossal statues.* The ghost's chamber is there. I thought with sorrow on all that Swift's unfortunate paramours had suffered. I

* These statues represent an ancient monarch of Ireland and his august spouse. Some irregular buildings in the gothic style of architecture are attached to the tower.



did not invoke their spirits, and yet I should not have been sorry to have seen Vanessa appear before me ; with this idea I fell asleep. The ghostly hour passed by without any supernatural occurrence ; but at daybreak, a strange noise awoke me. It was a sound of distant melody, horns, flutes, and harps. Could it be Vanessa and Stella who were lamenting, as if they had been daughters of Fingal, their past misfortunes on the lyre of the ancient bards ? Were their shades hovering above my head ? Before long, the strains died away by degrees in the distance, and I sank once more quietly to sleep.

Next day all was explained. The concert of harps, flutes, and horns had been no dream. During the whole night a crowd of musicians had passed through the country on their way to the famous meeting of Tara ; they were the bards of O'Connell.

At nine o'clock in the morning, I found myself in Mr. Henry Grattan's open carriage, and we set out for Tara.

The spot selected by O'Connell for the solemn event of the day was naturally calculated to excite the imagination. The hill of Tara, celebrated by historians and poets, was the abode

of the first Kings of Ireland. There, according to tradition and the annals of the country, the sovereigns were crowned ; the Stone of Destiny is still there. On this sacred stone, the monarch stood upright at the moment when his hand raised towards Heaven, and his brow circled by the diadem, he swore to consecrate his life to the welfare of his people. A hundred and forty-two Kings received the sceptre there, from the first establishment of the monarchical power to 561.* An Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, as well as several other chronicles, attribute to the following fact the cause of the palace and hill of Tara being abandoned towards the middle of the sixth century.†

King Dermott, having in the year 563 at-

* Out of this number, one hundred and thirty-six were Pagans, and six Christians. The seventy-fifth King lived three hundred and five years before Christ, and according to the chronology of O'Flaherty, the period that elapsed between the first and last monarch, was one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five years.

† History of the Antiquities of Tara Hill, by George Petrie, Esq. There still exists at Tara a water-mill, which dates from the third century.

tempted to infringe the rights of religion and liberty in Ireland, St. Vaadan, one of the successors of St. Patrick, thundered forth a most fearful anathema against him. He cursed the Prince and the mountain; he caused the bell of death to be rung; and, amid its funereal tolling, he pronounced these terrible words: "May the curse of the Lord fall on Tara and its royal abode! May God no longer permit Kings nor Queens to dwell there! May no court nor palace be any longer seen there! Anathema on King Dermott and his race! Anathema—Anathema!"

The excommunication produced its effect. Dermott took to flight and perished: his successors no longer dared to inhabit the accursed mountain, and since 563, Tara has been nothing more than a desert.*

Thomas Moore has sung of Tara. An Irish poet of the tenth century, O'Flynn, wrote a poem, as he himself tells us, on the sacred Stone of Destiny. Tara was also the scene of a battle in the rebellion of 1798. Finally, Tara has been in every age one of those spots privileged

* Book of Clonmacnoise, translated by Connell Geoghegan in 1627.

by fame, where some of the greatest events in Irish history have occurred.

We were approaching the famous mountain ; a distant and increasing noise echoed far and wide. All the houses situated on the road along which O'Connell passed, were hung with laurel. Public prayers had been offered up for him since day-break in all the Roman Catholic Churches of the district. The valleys, the hills, and the plains were covered with from five to six hundred thousand men, hastening in crowds, and in a sort of delirium at the call of a single orator ; who, without being either warrior or king assembled immense armies, and prepared for himself as it were a sovereign throne. On every side triumphal arches were erected, adorned with the portrait of the Liberator and enthusiastic inscriptions. Flags of divers colours were waving throughout the country ; transparencies, along the roadside, displayed a vast number of allegories, and these words were repeated a hundreds of times. "The Liberator of Ireland !" "The Liberty of our Country !" "The Liberator surrounded by five hundred thousand men !" "Ireland for the Irish !" "Great O'Connell for ever !"

We made way with difficulty through the obstacles which crowded a road where carriages might be counted by thousands, and individuals by hundreds of thousands. Nevertheless, there was no confusion among the spell-bound masses who rushed towards O'Connell as towards their destiny. " Liberty—Liberty !" There was no blood in these cries, no wish for revolution ! The object for which so vast a body of men was summoned was a religious one. Their shouts were not for revolt or vengeance ; they were cheers of confidence and affection. The countenances of the multitude expressed neither fury nor hatred, but hope and devotion.

The elevated stage erected for O'Connell was on the summit of Tara Hill, the high ground on which it was constructed had been hired for the meeting, at an expense of two hundred guineas. Forty bands, each consisting of from fifteen to twenty musicians were ranged one above the other all up the mountain, and welcomed with flourishes the arrival of the Liberator. O'Connell, in a carriage and six, advanced at this moment, followed in procession by several Roman Catholic bishops and priests, the different corporations with their banners and

devices, the members for the county and an innumerable multitude. He ascended slowly, in the midst of most deafening acclamations towards the kind of throne on which he was about to sit. The air seemed no longer to support the shouts of transport that rent it. Carriages and four, and other vehicles, covered with flags, were seen above this sea of human waves, perpetually agitated to and fro in a commotion without revolution, and in a hurricane without a storm. O'Connell bowed on the right and left with evident emotion. His powerful and sonorous voice addressed here and there a few words of gratitude to the crowd. He arrived at the summit of the hill. There was placed the Stone of Destiny, the sacred stone of the land. Was he about to use the language of a King? No, it was as a prophet that he spoke. "Irishmen! a little longer and you will have regained your rights! You will have your parliament in Dublin; you will become a great nation!"

This was received with frenzied acclamations. O'Connell, pointing with his hand towards Heaven, continued in a solemn tone:

"To-day is the 15th of August, the day on

which the Mother of our Lord was carried in triumph to Heaven ; like her, and speedily, you also will rise triumphant to freedom. On such an anniversary, the language of imposture and error could not issue from my lips. You shall be free : *God wills it !*"

Thus spoke Peter the Hermit, announcing victory to the Crusaders ; he promised the Holy Land, he destroyed the infidels. Alas ! the Holy Land is still to be conquered, and the infidels are still to be destroyed !

Opposite the platform, on which O'Connell stood, was the figure of the immortal Ossian dressed in the costume of the earliest ages. The old man, who represented the poet of bygone days had his white beard, his brown robe, and his golden harp. His glance was by turns calm and animated ; seated, and leaning on the lyre of the bards of Morven, he seemed to invoke for O'Connell the inspirations of glory and liberty. One would have fancied that, rising from the fogs like a true son of Fingal, he said to the people, " Come forth from the night of the tomb ! The palace of lightning opens ! Behold the King of meteors !"

I had arrived within a little distance from

O'Connell's throne. Mr. Henry Grattan, one of the most popular orators in the country, was suddenly recognised by the multitude ; from forty to fifty thousand persons welcomed him by clapping their hands as he passed, and I found myself thus in the centre of a popular ovation. The people would have taken off our horses if there had been room to move, but the carriage was shut in and compressed as if between iron walls. Henry Grattan, standing upright by my side, his head bare, and his eyes filled with tears, greeted the people with voice and gesture. We could not advance a step through the close ranks which were crowded together and all shouting at once, in the midst of which our horses disappeared half stifled. The road, the earth itself was no longer visible. Nothing was to be seen but a mass of heads, which, like living waves, undulated from one horizon to another. Henry Grattan, whose destined post at the meeting was beside the great man of Ireland, took this opportunity of leaping from the carriage, and was borne along by the multitude to the spot where the Liberator awaited him. I found myself obliged to follow him.

This scene will be ever present to my memory



as one of the most extraordinary I have witnessed in my life. On I went, tossed about for I know not how long on the backs and shoulders, faces and arms of the people, astounded by the clamour that arose from this strange and swelling sea. I understood not, half bewildered as I was, how I could advance on this incomprehensible human shield; but light and air were with me, I towered above both mountains and men. Henry Grattan was there triumphant, and squeezed, compressed, and fettered as he was, he breathed the atmosphere of liberty. "Independence, liberty!" This has been the cry of every age: will the dream last for ever?

We thus reached O'Connell's platform. Behind him was an immense chair, surmounted with trophies and devices; on it was inscribed "God save the Queen!" Standing close to the great orator, I did not lose a word of his speeches, and I confess I could not listen to him without a lively emotion. This extraordinary man, endowed with an eloquence by turns severe and playful, now vulgar and now poetical, half gentle, half savage, passed alternately from grave to gay, from trifling to profound, from burlesque to sublime, with a clearness of ex-

pression and a boldness of imagery, which, being within the comprehension of every degree of intelligence, both excited and commanded attention. From his elevated forum he at times established between himself and his hearers an inconceivably singular dialogue: on the one side, a single voice; on the other, more than sixty thousand voices.

"You will follow me everywhere, will you not?"

"Everywhere. To life or death!"

"No battles—no blood—no insurrections."

"No."

"Victory through peace."

"Yes—yes!"

"Unless we are attacked. I count then on you."

"On all of us!"

"How many?"

"All Ireland!"

"That's well."

One must have been present at such a scene in order to form an idea of it. No petty and abstruse details were there prepared in secret and with closed doors around the green cloth of a council of ministers. History was there, im-

posing and vast, written in the open air and in broad daylight, on the mountain, in the midst of an entire people. There was something about it that reminded one of Sinai.

O'Connell continued in these words :

“ Brave nation ! I know there is not one hand that would remain hanging by the side and inactive, if I said to it, ‘ Arise.’ ”

“ No, not one, not a single one ! ”

And four hundred thousand hands were lifted up at once above two hundred thousand heads.*


* It would be impossible to conceive (without having seen it) how an orator could be heard and applauded by an assembly of from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand men. I will try to explain it. If a stone is thrown into a pool of water, it will form around itself a circle, then another, and then a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, indeed, an indefinite number. Let us begin from this point. O'Connell speaks slowly and with an audible voice. Each sentence of his discourse ends with a phrase which forms a condensed summary of the whole. When this phrase is spoken, he pauses. The first circle formed around him hears, applauds, and repeats it to the next circle ; which, in its turn, applauds, and repeats it still farther. Thus a telegraph of human voices conveys O'Connell's thoughts

The throne, the Church, and systems of government, O'Connell reviewed in turn, frequently in a tone of raillery, and sometimes in language of inspiration. Take for example these solemn words :

“ People, behold Espartero ! He attacked liberty, and persecuted religion. He arose powerful—he is nothing.”

From the summit of Tara, the prospect from which is magnificent, a commanding view is obtained over vast plains, heights, valleys, hills and flats. Picture these heights and plains, these flats and hills from the platform of Tara to the horizon of Dublin, covered as far as the eye could reach with people on horseback, on foot, in carriages, and all this interspersed with flags, pavilions, and banners. Here were trestles and tents, there poles decorated with streamers and triumphal arches. The houses were decked with garlands ; the air resounded on all sides. Never had I beheld anything so electrifying ; and notwithstanding a melancholy thought came across me amid all this

to five hundred thousand hearts at once with the rapidity of lightning ; and, from one end of the meeting to another, he finds himself listened to, heard, and applauded.



display of popular triumph and national liberty. Might not all these words of peace and freedom be a prelude to tempests and civil wars? Might not music and flowers cause murder and blood?

A thick fog had risen in the valley and was already by degrees extending over the tumultuous meeting. The trophies, the banners and the laurels began to disappear in the darkness of the atmosphere. The music and the shouting did not the less continue, they sounded even louder than before from beneath the vapours and the clouds, but the entire face of nature had assumed a solemn and melancholy aspect; one would have said she was about to change the spectacle into a vision, and the sons of liberty into the shadowy forms of Ossian. All little by little faded away, all vanished by degrees: the multitude and their enthusiasm, the country and its legions, the mountain and the associations connected with it, the Liberator and his throne! Alas! perhaps his promises of liberty vanished with them!

O'Connell broke up the assembly,* and then

* His speech had been followed by many others, among which that of Henry Grattan was chiefly remarkable.

still surrounded by adulation, incense, and homage, took the road to Tara Hall, an immense mansion belonging to Mr. Lynch, and situated at the foot of the Mountain of Kings. There, under a vast tent, a banquet of from one thousand to one thousand two hundred covers were prepared, at which the Liberator was to preside. The managers of the entertainment had included me among the guests; a room had been kept for me in the house, and I was told that my place at table would be by the side of the illustrious chief. I went to Tara Hall accompanied by Henry Grattan. I was most eager to enter into conversation with O'Connell, and I was conducted to a small sitting-room whither he had retired to enjoy some repose after the exertions of the morning. The great hall of the mansion was full of company: he was to join them at a later hour.

Only one or two of the Liberator's most intimate friends and the host's daughter, the pretty Miss Catharine Lynch were with him. He welcomed me with gracious courtesy, and made me sit on the sofa beside him. I had thus an opportunity of regarding him at my leisure.

O'Connell is tall* and strongly built; one would suppose him to be a wrestler of the olden time. His eye is animated and intelligent, his voice is keen and sonorous. He expresses himself elegantly and quietly, and with convincing sincerity and earnestness. His gestures are often dignified, and though there is a certain vulgarity in his physiognomy, yet his deportment is majestic. He possesses, moreover, all the good qualities and all the defects necessary for a popular orator, being by turns rough and smooth, energetic and yielding, courteous and abrupt.

Our conversation was extremely animated; he spoke of the Queen with profound respect, and of her government with bitter scorn.

"Wellington," said he to me, "was born six miles from Tara, and this Irishman thinks only how he can most injure Ireland: he will not succeed, I hope. Besides he has solved a problem for me; he has proved that without actions of real merit, without superior talents,

* It has been affirmed in writing that O'Connell's head, next to that of Napoleon, is the broadest and largest that has ever been known.

one may become a great man, entirely by accident and chance. It was at the very moment when he was about to fly from Waterloo that he found himself suddenly victorious : and he was the last who expected it."

I was anxious to speak to O'Connell of the dangers of rebellion, and of the risk they themselves ran who opened to others the career of revolt.

"I, like you, hate sedition," he answered ; "but oppression is also odious to me. I do not labour to overthrow but to be free. I shall triumph by the force of principle, by the irresistible progress of human thought ; by the breath of civilisation which confers a new existence on mankind, and by the support of a God of justice. I shall have no need of war."

"You may be attacked—persecuted."

"Persecutions! let them come. They will increase my power."

"But if the sword quit the sheath? If the axe menace your heads?"

"Oh, then, I have but to say one word, and on the following day I shall have under my

banner an army of five hundred thousand men, nay, a million, if necessary."

"How would you arm your troops?"

"Nothing easier! They would take the enemy's muskets and cannons from him. The enemy himself would pass over to their colours with arms and baggage. I should still conquer without fighting."

O'Connell spoke with persuasive eloquence. This old man, who is said to be near his seventy-fifth year, retains in his features and thoughts all the energy of a more vigorous age.

"You are a poet?" he resumed. "Here are some lines I composed yesterday before the meeting of Tara."

He read me the following stanza :

Oh Erin ! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free !
That gleam of bliss is all I crave
Between my labours and my grave.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

for the County of Cork,

Tara Hall, County Meath,

14th of August, 1843 : the Repeal Year.

The following is a free translation :

Que ne m'appartient-il, noble terre d'Erin !
De venger tes affronts en bataille rangée !
Et, le front triomphant, de te voir libre enfin
Des chaînes dont on t'a chargée !
Dieu ! fais que ce jour brille ! et, mes travaux finis,
Une tombe dans mon pays !

"I should much like to have those lines,"
said I to the orator poet.

"I will give you them in my own handwriting," he replied with a smile.

And he copied them for me immediately,
heading them with these words :

"Written for the Vicomte d'Arincourt."

This is a curious autograph. I received it at
Tara Hall, at the foot of the Sacred Mountain,
near the Stone of Destiny, and from the Liberator
himself.

O'Connell pressed me to dine with him ; but,
although I felt great curiosity to be present at
the banquet of Tara, I thought it my duty to
decline his invitation. I knew that many toasts
would be drunk, that some of them might be of
a violent character ; and wishing neither to refuse
nor to applaud them, I judged it more prudent,

in the position in which I was placed, not to hear them. I had no business to take a part in the drama: and however picturesque the spectacle might be, I was obliged to refrain from witnessing it.

I quitted Tara Hall about sunset, and at the very moment when the Liberator was to preside at the banquet of the meeting. The proprietor of the mansion's pretty daughter, with the most charming good-nature, ordered dinner to be prepared for me in a separate room. By her orders, a horse was harnessed to one of her carriages, and thanks to her, I was enabled to continue my journey. Miss Lynch, who is but seventeen years old, living alone in the family mansion; her mother being dead, and her father an invalid at Dublin, she was there the mistress of the house, in the midst of bustle, tumult and confusion. Her quiet gentleness, and her delicate attentions contrasted admirably with the prevailing agitation, clamour and disorder; it was like the presence of an angel amid the eruptions of a volcano.

Filled with the emotions which I had felt at Tara, I recalled to memory, while pursuing my route, the verses of the poet, Thomas

Moore, on this celebrated mountain, and attempted to translate them.

“ The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory’s thrill is o’er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

“ No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells,
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives.”

“ La harpe qui, naguère, à flots mélodieux,
Au palais de Tara répandit l’harmonie,
Maintenant suspendue aux murs silencieux,
A perdu son âme et sa vie.
Ainsi dort auprès d’elle, en une sombre paix,
L’orgueil des jours de la victoire,
Et le souvenir des hauts faits
Qui remua, jadis, tant de cœurs Irlandais
Ne bat plus que dans la mémoire.

FRENCH VERSION OF MOORE'S MELODY. 217

“O! harpe de Tara! plus de chant empressé
Pour les héros et pour les belles!
Ta harpe, qui se brise au vent d'un soir glacé
N'a plus que plaintes éternelles.
A ton exemple, ainsi se tait la liberté,
Et lorsque son front irrité
Cherche à se réveiller sous les nuits sans aurore
Où languit un peuple éploré;
C'est par les longs sanglots d'un cœur désespéré
Qu'on apprend qu'elle existe encore.”

CHAPTER VI.

I SLEPT at Drogheda. The principal hotel in the town was so full of company* that I had difficulty in finding accommodation. Crowds were returning from the famous meeting at Tara; and all were in a state of extreme excitement. Being desirous of hearing the conversation and opinions of different parties, I repaired to the coffee-room and mingled among several groups. What contradictory language! What opposing sentiments I heard there! I took a note of the most striking.

“What an immortal day for Ireland! what a glory for the Liberator is this assembly of

* I must mention here that throughout Ireland I remarked the excessive loveliness of the women. Indeed, the fact is well known; the beauty of Irishwomen has become proverbial.

nearly eight hundred thousand men on Tara Hill.”*

“Eight hundred thousand men! It is false. I’ll wager there were not two hundred thousand.”

“I am of a contrary opinion; I would wager there were a million.”

“What ridiculous exaggeration! Besides, how many were children and women.”

“They are living creatures as well as the others. Do women and children then count for nothing?”

“Nothing—in political matters.”

“I like that! why, they are half the population.”

“Gentlemen, I consider the meeting of to-day one of the principal events of the age. O’Connell has spoken beside the Stone of Destiny, and in the words of Destiny itself. One would have taken him for one of our ancient Kings being crowned at Tara, and swearing to devote himself to Ireland. But the Liberator

* The Attorney General himself asserted in the famous process against O’Connell, that “thirty seven meetings have assembled round the great agitator six millions four hundred thousand men.”

had more than an empty diadem on his head, he had an entire great nation at his feet."

"Royalty—there it is. The democrat plays the prince, he chooses a site of coronation for a deed of revolution; he seats himself there as on a throne."

"A calumny of the enemies of the people! The meeting of Tara is the commencement of an era of regeneration for the kingdom. London will be terror-struck by it. Was there ever seen a more imposing, a more solemn, a more sublime spectacle? O'Connell will be the saviour of Ireland. What energy!—what eloquence! He was burning—"

"And frozen. For, while he grew warm with talking, he was obliged to put a great coat over his shoulders to protect him from the wind. You talk of a sublime spectacle! Did you remark the face Ossian made when it began to rain? He feared at first that the damp would spoil the gilding of his harp, and he covered it with rags; then, he was afraid of catching cold himself, and he took hold of what would shelter him from the rain. Fancy the son of Fingal afraid of a fog! Ossian under an umbrella!"

"Nonsensical trifling!"

“Take heed, friends of O’Connell, many reformers are unacquainted with the roads they open to others, and, as few roads show the point where they terminate, so few perceive the end to which they lead.”

“The road and the end are well known. O’Connell, the first patriot of the age, requires on our behalf justice and liberty.”

“He requires for himself power and money. *Patriot!* Gentlemen, I never will give that name but to him who sacrifices his fortune and his life to his country. Now, the great agitator, on the contrary, sacrifices his country to his fortune, and while exposing the lives of others, never risks his own. Is a proof required?—Listen. He causes himself to be paid regularly one thousand and sometimes two thousand guineas every week, for retailing to the people a heap of false promises which he himself believes less than any one. He drags the working classes from their occupations in order that he may fill their minds with the wildest extravagancies. He says to them, ‘We will have no battles, no war!’ Why?—because he is too cowardly to draw the sword. He cries to them,

‘Come and listen to me!’ Why?—because that brings him in from £4000 to £8000 a-month, for which he is accountable to nobody. It is a charming state of things—for the great impostor of Ireland.”

“Infamous, atrocious falsehoods! The Liberator, gentlemen, has sacrificed his profession, his tranquillity, his fortune and his existence to his noble sense of duty. A barrister in great repute, he used to gain more than £10,000 a-year by his talents: he has given up his lucrative practice in order to devote himself wholly to Ireland. He is said to receive enormous sums; but this money, partly employed in patriotic works and the erection of national buildings, is also consecrated to the support of the clergy, the relief of the unfortunate, and the defence of the oppressed. His disinterestedness equals his courage; yes, his courage, for whatever envy may say to the contrary, he daily risks, like a hero, both his life and liberty. He may be arrested to-morrow, persecuted, tried, condemned: he knows it, but does that alarm him? Does he advance with a less determined step?”

“He reckons on his own craftiness; he plays

the prophet and the saint. Followed by a hypocritical chaplain, he receives the sacrament every week. He is a consummate impostor !”

“ He is high-principled and sincere.”

The minds of the contending parties were violently excited ; I could see that a fearful struggle was about to ensue between them. Insults, murmurs, and threats followed in rapid succession. I approached one of the Irishmen present :

“ Can it be true,” I asked him, “ that O’Connell receives a remuneration from his country ?”

I was interrupted abruptly : “ Why not, Sir, pray ? Money is in its proper place at the foot of glory. Are sovereigns degraded by the civil list which is voted to them ? O’Connell is more than the head of Ireland, he is its light and salvation. The Liberator, now that Napoleon is dead, is the greatest character of modern times.”

A loud burst of laughter interrupted the speaker. Was a fresh tumult about to result from it ? A young Frenchman, whose handsome face and *distingué* manner I had already remarked among the company, rose angrily from the chair in which he had been sitting. I

thought he was about to rush upon O'Connell's opponent. Every one made room for him with the same idea, and I had no doubt that he was one of those Frenchmen, who were said to have secretly arrived in Ireland for the purpose of aiding in the deliverance of the nation. By no means : passing by him who had just insulted the Liberator, he did not even look at him, but quitted the room hastily.

I followed him with surprise ; the features of the young stranger, though not unattractive, wore a melancholy and wild expression ; his face was exactly that of a hero of romance. He was doubtless travelling for the benefit of his health, for he was accompanied by a physician. Anticipating some curious story connected with him, I continued to follow him in hopes of hearing it. Chance favoured my wishes. I sat down in the public dining-room of the inn, at the table where his meal was served, and, using the privilege of a countryman, entered into conversation with him ?

" You are come, Sir, I believe, from the meeting at Tara ?" said I, " what did you think of it ?"

" I can hardly tell you, I was unwell this

morning ; I scarcely looked at anything, and saw very little."

"Did you hear O'Connell?"

"I was not near him. I was afraid of the crowd in my present state of health."

"And what do you think of the great agitator?"

"I—nothing at all;—it in no way concerns me. I found no amusement at Tara."

I was so completely mistaken in my ideas respecting the young man's political opinions, that I could hardly avoid laughing. The stranger perceived this, and drew his chair indignantly from mine. I instantly changed the subject of conversation.

"You are ill, then?" I resumed, "one would not think it to look at you. Your countenance has all the freshness of youth and health."

"And yet, he is fearfully changed for the worse," interrupted the physician making signs to me which I could not comprehend.

"I know how frightful I have become," pursued the stranger, looking at me with the air of a man seriously offended; "what is more, I am delighted at it. I have suffered so much

from having a prepossessing face. Thank God it is so no longer."

Here I laughed outright. To my surprise, the young man, in a state of furious excitement, rose hastily from his chair, his features convulsed with rage, and was about to demand satisfaction for the insult, when the physician, placing himself between us, whispered these words in my ear :

"Leave the room, Sir, leave the room for pity's sake; do you not see that your unfortunate countryman's reason is affected?"

I obeyed and retired: a few minutes after the physician came in search of me.

"Sir," said he to me, "I have inquired your name, and have been informed who you are: I come to explain what has happened. But first promise me that, if ever you relate the strange story you are about to hear, you will keep the real names secret."

"I promise it on my honour."

"You shall hear what has affected the mind of my poor invalid: the narrative of his adventures is so improbable that you will be astounded at it, and yet nothing is more true.

You will understand why he is so excited when he hears a burst of laughter. He is much to be pitied."

THE BURST OF LAUGHTER.

ADOLPHE de Besville* was eighteen years old, and being as giddy as young men of that age usually are, thought of nothing but love and pleasure. He had studied little, had consequently not learnt much, and had a horror of every kind of instruction. "I am aware," said he, "of the use of that engine of industry called mechanics, but I have never been able to understand the utility of those moral engines called doctrines."

With such ideas Adolphe was certain, sooner or later, to experience some serious misfortune: he never thought of the possibility of failure, and would be guided by no rule. In the spring of youth, we are more or less like him: launched forth as tyro sailors, on the ocean of life in search of imaginary happiness, we cut the cable

* This name is of course fictitious, as are also those which follow.

gaily heedless of the rocks around us : and with our eyes fixed on the vision in the distance, exclaim : " the port is gained," when too often " the port is lost."

Adolphe had a very handsome face, and consequently his great success in love made him unbearably presumptuous. He did not believe it possible that a woman's eye could rest on him without her being fascinated. Moreover, he fancied himself most insuperably adroit in the management of intrigues. There is no surer method of being deceived ourselves than to imagine ourselves cleverer than other people.

The soul, which on earth is purified by virtue, is so in Heaven by nature : the latter condition is the happier of the two, but is not the former the more deserving ? Adolphe would have considered such definitions absurd, and such a comparison ridiculous. He did not believe in the existence of a pure soul, and as for the angels who were objects of attraction to him, he only loved the fallen ones.

One of his passions was the love of travelling. By carefully keeping a register of his amorous adventures, he pretended to have found adorers in the four quarters of the globe. He had just

quitted Germany, where, according to his own account, numerous victims were left bewailing his loss. Behold him now at Venice.

Florella Marinelli, a young lady of Spanish origin, was one of the most celebrated beauties of that city. Adolphe obtained an introduction to her. Struck with her charms, he boldly brought into play all his accustomed powers of fascination.

"Oh!" said Florella, touched by his passionate language, "it is easier to say one loves than than to love really."

"On the contrary," replied Adolphe, "beside you it is easier to love than to say so."

Her husband was the harshest, as well as the most extraordinary of men. Marinelli, who was advanced in years, had a son by a former wife who was travelling abroad. Florella, seized at times with a sudden fit of trembling, related to Adolphe when alone with him, instances of her husband's jealousy and cruelty, which were enough to make his hair stand on end. Adolphe listened to her with a calm air, and his love increased in proportion to the danger.

One evening the young seducer was by the side of the fair Venetian; she was talking to

him of her brother, and praising his affection and devotion to her.

"Will you believe me?" said Adolphe, "I envy every one who is dear to you, and yet I would fain see the whole world aspire to please you. I have sometimes lamented that I cannot love you enough, and yet I love you with all the strength of my soul."

"Say rather with all the force of desire."

"Florella, you judge me wrongly; in true love the very senses themselves belong to the heart. Their fire is but its language, and their madness but the highest expression of that passion which words are insufficient to explain."

Adolphe pronounced these words with irresistible ardour. Would Florella believe him? He had already said them to many others.

The door was violently flung open.

"I am lost!" exclaimed Florella.

Marinelli went straight to Adolphe. His eye-brows were contracted; his countenance wore an expression of irony and rage. He held a pistol in his hand.

"Monsieur de Besville!" said the Venetian, "you have brought love hither. I, in return, bring you death."

Florella sank in a swoon.

"I am ready, Sir," replied Adolphe; "name your weapons."

"A duel! Do not hope for it," continued Marinelli in a tone of implacable contempt, and at the same time cocking his pistol; "when we surprise a robber, we kill him, we do not fight with him."

"Sir," replied the lover indignantly, "I am a French gentleman."

"What do I care? Is it necessary for me to know, before I blow your brains out, whether you have ancestors to boast of or not? If the brigand be noble, his is the greater infamy."

"Cowardly assassin!"

"A truce to talking. Do you believe in another world?"

"Undoubtedly."

"In that case, offer up your last prayer for mercy."

Florella uttered a mournful cry.

"I am ready, Sir, to die," continued Adolphe in a firm tone; "but do not murder me in her presence."

"Presumptuous fool! thou fanciest thy death will kill her: she will survive thee, be assured.

However, I will grant thy last wish. Follow me into the next chamber."

The Venetian, with a savage sneer, pointed out to the young Frenchman a door at the end of the room. Adolphe bent his steps thither : a thin partition alone separated him from Florella. Marinelli raised his weapon and was on the point of firing.

"We are too near her," said Adolphe ; " your wife will hear the report."

"And may perhaps go mad ! is not that what you would say, my fine gentleman ?"

"Poniard me in silence, base scorner !"

"Poniard thee ! Thy idea is good."

Marinelli threw down his pistol.

"I had foreseen," he pursued, "that either from one reason or another I might find it impossible to shoot thee, and took my measures in consequence. Thou shalt not perish by my hand. Go forth from hence, two bravos await thee in the gallery which thou wilt traverse, and thou canst not escape their daggers. Has thy cowardice any observations to make in objection ? Let me hear them : I am patient."

"I will not deign to answer thee further. Thou hast a son : my wish is that he may be

treated elsewhere as I am here. The murderers await me. Adieu !”

Adolphe was in the power of a merciless man. What would it have availed him to struggle against his destiny ? He would at least die courageously.

With head erect and a firm step he walked towards the gallery : the assassins were at their post. At the sight of their victim, they came slowly forward from the extremity of the long corridor to meet him. They were both powerful men : any attempt at resistance would only prolong his torture. He was unarmed ; they had each a dagger.

Adolphe looked at them without attempting to retreat. “I have only a minute to live,” said he to himself, calculating the distance which still separated him from the murderers.

These last, without quickening their pace, examined him with a cool indifference : they were advancing to commit crime without emotion, they would slay without pity.

He had more than half crossed the gallery.

“Five or six seconds longer !” said the doomed man to himself. Then closing his eyes, he added :

"But one more! Pardon me, my God!"

The Christian soul's last cry.

Each of the bravos seized him with one hand, raising their daggers with the other. Adolphe awaited the death-blow. It came not, but in its place—a burst of laughter!

Marinelli stood before him.

"Thou hast given a proof of courage," he said to him in a harsh tone; "but let this be a lesson to thee. May my son, according to thy wish, be treated elsewhere as thou art here. If it is my propensity to be cruel, it is my nature to be singular; thou hast escaped my daggers as my wife has escaped thy love: whether by a miracle or by good fortune, it matters not. Bravos! put up your daggers, and thrust the gentleman from the door!"

The bravos lost no time in executing their master's order. Ignominiously driven from Florella's house, Adolphe re-entered his own dwelling bitterly exasperated. A thousand schemes of vengeance inflamed his thoughts. He hastened on the following day to Marinelli's abode. The jealous Venetian had departed during the night, together with his wife, on a long journey, and would, it was affirmed, be absent several years.

But whither had he gone ? No one knew. Adolphe, in vain, endeavoured to trace him ; he was destined to reap nothing but ridicule from this lamentable affair : neither love, death nor revenge.

He quitted Italy and returned to France. His habitual weakness had not yet entirely left him ; but it had undergone considerable modification. He felt no longer the same confidence as formerly in the presence of beauty ; misanthropical ideas at times took possession of him, which disgusted him both with the world and with himself. His thoughts then wandered in romantic flights of fancy, and he would say to himself :

“ I would fain fly from men. When lingering on the summit of mountains, meditating by the side of rivers, roaming amid the depths of forests—are we then alone ? No, we then live among our friends, we converse with nature ; that is real society. The world, on the contrary, peopled with a crowd of flatterers and worthless men, in the midst of whom the sojourner, weary of the joys of earth, passes almost unheeded—that is true solitude !”

And yet, in spite of these profound reflections,

he did not the less continue to mix in the vortex of Parisian society. A young widow, the Marquise de Miralle, had appeared to regard him with a favourable eye, and his accustomed ardour of feeling returned immediately. He lost no time in addressing to her, as he had done to so many others, a multitude of flattering phrases. "Your glance is my day; your breath is my life!" But the Marquise interrupting him as soon as he began to utter these truths, replied, laughing heartily:

"I cannot endure wild language, nor exaggerated sentiments."

"Why then," said Adolphe, "do you allow yourself to be surrounded by worshippers?"

"Worshippers!" repeated the Marquise with increased merriment, "I see no danger in them; do you imagine they can love."

Several months had passed; he observed that the fair widow had gradually lost her gaiety, and regarded him with more than usual interest. The presumptuous youth did not hesitate to attribute this change to a growing but struggling love for him on her part. He had judged it best to discontinue in her presence all ardent expressions; he no longer spoke to her of his

passion ; he would, he said, be in future nothing more to her than an affectionate brother and devoted friend. Did the Marquise believe him ? He hoped the reverse. He felt persuaded that his scheme had succeeded, and that every day the friend made fresh progress as the lover. "Women," he thought, "are like the shadow at our side. Pursue them, they fly from you ;—avoid them, and they run after you."

Madame de Miralle had now begun to converse with him freely and confidentially. No more sallies of wit, no more raillery ; she evidently had secrets, which every now and then she appeared on the point of confiding to him.

"Her secrets !" said he to himself. "I know what they are. She adores me."

One morning he was alone with her.

"Monsieur de Besville !" said the Marquise with emotion, "I believe your professions of devotion to me. I may count on you, may I not ?"

Adolphe resumed the part he had begun to play.

"Madame, rely on me entirely !" answered he in a calm tone ; "put my friendship to the proof."

“Well then, come to-morrow evening, and rejoin me at my *château* of Milforton, fifteen leagues from Paris ; enter by the park gate. But mind, silence and secresy !”

Adolphe was bewildered with rapture, nevertheless he restrained his transports ; his calmness was that of a conqueror.

“To-morrow,” he replied, “I shall be—”

He was about to add at your feet, but changed it to—“at your command.”

How long the following day seemed to him ! The hour of meeting at last approached. Adolphe dressed himself with care, and surveying himself in the glass, said,

“After all, she has eyes : it could not end otherwise.”

Towards nightfall, he was at the little park gate of Milforton. An old porter awaited him with a dark lantern ; the weather was dark and rainy, the wind blew in violent gusts. Adolphe followed his guide, his heart beating quick with rapture. The wind, the darkness, the mystery seemed but to add another charm to the rendezvous of love. He ascended a private staircase, and arrived at a kind of oratory. What did he behold ? The Marquise de Miralle in a bril-

liant toilette, a bridal dress ! She was alone, pale and trembling.

“ Ah ! thank Heaven ! ” said she, “ you have kept your word. Faithful and devoted friend ! I will entrust all my secrets to you. A priest awaits me at the altar.”

“ A priest ! ” interrupted Adolphe, turning pale. “ A wedding, to-night ! ”

Besville was one of those charming lions, who will so far sacrifice themselves as to make love, but who never compromise themselves by marrying.

“ Yes, my friend, ” pursued the widow, “ I am resolved to contract a fresh marriage ; but powerful family reasons make a clandestine union at the chapel of the *château* necessary. What do I see ? What agitation on your countenance ! ”

“ I ! ” stammered the would be seducer, “ I confess, being quite unprepared—”

“ True,” interrupted the Marquise, “ I ought to have acquainted you beforehand, but I had not the courage. Besides I was so sure that you were wholly devoted to me. Can I have mistaken you, Adolphe ? ”

“ No, certainly not, Madame. Nevertheless,

a decision so hasty, so unforeseen, requires some reflection."

"It is impossible; they are waiting for us."

"What? The necessary formalities—"

"Are concluded."

Adolphe drew back in alarm.

"A love like this," he muttered to himself, "is the very extreme of madness."

Notwithstanding, amid all the perplexity of his situation, his vanity felt strangely flattered.

Suddenly steps were heard without.

"They are coming in search of us," said the widow, "there are three of them. The first is—"

"Well!"

"My future husband."

"Your husband!" repeated Adolphe, half beside himself. "Then you have chosen me—"

"As a witness."

Saying these words, the Marquise left the room with a hurried step. He whom she was about to wed gave her his hand, and three other witnesses followed him. Adolphe, confused, dejected, had only played the part of dupe in this extraordinary scene. He entered the chapel;

the interior, faintly lit, did not allow of his distinguishing the features of the three persons who were present together with himself at the ceremony. He knelt down apart from the rest in a dark recess, and not knowing how to look, nor what to say, clasped his hands, and pretended to pray.

“Arthur Marinelli!” said the priest, “do you consent to take for your lawful wife, &c.”

“Arthur Marinelli!” interrupted Adolphe in a low voice with a stifled groan. “The son of Florella’s husband!”

He fancied he heard a burst of laughter. Oh yes, a burst of laughter like that which sounded in his ear after the scene with the bravos. Could Arthur’s father be there?

Besville, enraged as he was, took care not to provoke a quarrel; that would only have made him more ridiculous. The ceremony over, he signed the necessary papers; while he was doing so, the Marquise expressed to him her thanks and gratitude. He listened to her without replying.

His eye sought in vain, among those present, the individual who had laughed during the

solemnization of the marriage; one of the witnesses had departed.

The Marquise and her new husband retired; they appeared entirely absorbed in each other. A chamber was prepared for Adolphe at the *château*; but it was not likely he would seek sleep and rest there. He left Milforton for ever.

Besville lost his former gaiety. Disappointed in love, he would fain have turned his mind to religion. In hopes of finding a new excitement to keep the fire of youth alive, he had thoughts of travelling to Judæa.

"But the poetry of the prophets," said he, "has no longer an echo in the Holy Land. Pilgrimages are no longer made thither as in the days of the crusades: the divine light is extinguished there. A long silence and a long night is extended over Israel. I will go to the land of the Zegrîs and Abencerrages. Where there is civil war, there must be faith on one side or the other; now faith is what I want, no matter of what kind."

He set out for Spain. On the northern frontier he met with a Spanish family who were returning home. Chance made him acquainted



with them, and they were soon on terms of intimacy.

This family consisted of a father and mother, a young girl and a cousin. The father, Don Manuel de Cordomas, was a robust old man, but fancied himself in ill health and infirm; nothing could convince him to the contrary. The mother imagined that she had been pretty, and was still sprightly—a double delusion. As for the cousin, Don George de Salvaros, he was perpetually laughing, singing, and ridiculing everything. An atheist and a revolutionist, he was alike opposed to religion and monarchy. Nevertheless, his own friends considered him, apart from these two little drawbacks, the best creature in the world.

The young girl remains to be described. She was called Dolorida, and was a model of candour, elegance, and grace. Adolphe became enamoured of her.

Don Manuel de Cordomas had stopped for some days at a small town on the coast of Biscay, to see several members of his family who resided there. Adolphe was present one evening together with his new friends at a large party given on the occasion.

"Here is a splendid fruit, Monsieur Adolphe!" said George de Salvaros at supper, taking up an apple from the table. "A fit offering to the most beautiful!"

Adolphe, as lively as he was giddy, presented it to Dolorida.

"Bravo!" said the cousin. "Now, you who have a fine voice and have been in Italy, sing us some *bravura* air, or a Venetian *barcarole*!"

Adolphe trembled and turned pale. Could this be malice on the part of George? He at once dismissed the thought: nevertheless, he was confounded. Nothing could induce him to sing.

A masked ball was in preparation at one of the first houses in the town. Don George, early on the previous day, came to see Adolphe.

"My dear fellow," said he, with affected carelessness, "my cousin decidedly loves you. I have drawn the confession from her."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes! she would tell you so herself, if you were alone with her."

"Do you think so?"

"I am certain of it. But, a truce to useless subterfuges; listen. Dolorida, whose friend I

have been from childhood, has opened her heart freely to me: now you must know she is most anxious to see you alone, to learn your real sentiments towards her; in short, to satisfy herself that you love her."

Oh! with ardour, and for ever!" replied the credulous Adolphe; "but how can a secret meeting be managed?"

"The easiest thing in the world. At the masked ball to-morrow, to which you are invited, wear a shepherd's costume, and hold an apple in your hand. My cousin will be dressed as a *Gitana*, and will play the castanets; follow her, get clear from the crowd with her, and then—enjoy the happy moment."

"Then all this is settled?"

"Yes: but, observe silence and discretion."

Adolphe, not doubting that he had turned Dolorida's head, fancied himself already in paradise. He dressed for the ball with the utmost care; never did an actor in his costume of shepherd from the banks of the Lignon wear a greater profusion of ribbons and flowers. He went whither love summoned him, and looked eagerly about for his *Gitana*. The rooms were thronged with guests. A singular figure ap-

proached : her dress was that of a gipsy, and she played the castanets.

“For whom is the apple?” said she to him.

“For the most beautiful!” replied he.

The gipsy took the fruit, and, instantly passing through the crowd, directed her steps towards a remote apartment. In it was a private door, through which she hastily retreated. Adolphe, infatuated with love and joy, followed her along a dark corridor which led to a further chamber, where all noise of the fête was unheard. One dim candle illumined this distant sanctuary, and the two lovers were alone.

“Oh, Dolorida!” exclaimed Adolphe, falling at her feet, “remove this mask which conceals your features from me; I can at last explain the feelings of my heart.”

“Hush, not so loud!” interrupted the *Gitana* in an indistinct tone. “We are followed: listen—I tremble.”

And seizing the candle, as if to fly, she let it fall from her hand. They were in complete darkness: a profound silence reigned around them. This darkness seemed a cloak for love: this silence, an appeal to the most passionate emotions. The fair Spaniard was in her lover’s

arms ; he clasped her to his heart, tore off her mask, and pressed his lips to hers. Besville in this moment of delirium was the happiest of mortals. Oh, unexpected catastrophe !—a loud laugh sounded in his ear, a laugh like that of Marinelli, an infernal burst of laughter. A door opened ; a flood of light streamed in, and several young men, preceded by George de Salvaros, rushed towards Adolphe.

“Admirable—prodigious !” cried they in a clamorous tone ; “what a conquest—what heroism !”

Besville, horror-struck, gave one look and stood dumb with astonishment and confusion. In his arms was a female of the lowest grade, with withered features and a livid complexion—a worthless object.

The most cutting sarcasms and outrageous laughter followed in quick succession. He arose with a glance of fire, an angry countenance, and a despairing heart : he rushed upon Dolorida’s cousin, who, dressed as Hercules, with a club in his hand, addressed to him these mocking words :

“Shepherd Paris, what a Venus !”

“Coward !” he exclaimed, in a tone of fury,

"for this infamous breach of faith, thou or I must perish here !"

"The club can break the crook," answered Salvaros, coolly.

And either by accident, from awkwardness, or intentionally, the club of the arrogant Alcides struck the forehead of the unhappy Paris. The latter fell backwards.

Stunned by the blow, he appeared senseless ; nevertheless, he could both see and hear. Dolorida's cousin, feigning to be shocked at the tragical results of what he called a young man's joke, bent down and whispered in his ear :

"I am the brother of Florella Marinelli. My sister was thy victim. She is dead, woe to thee !"

Many hours had passed. Adolphe, recovering from a long and heavy lethargy, opened his eyes.

Oh, perfidy ! he was in a small boat on the open sea near the coast of Biscay : he still wore his shepherd's dress with his crook and flowers, his scrip and ribbons : four rowers manned the skiff, the apple of Paris lay at his feet, and his hand held a paper, on which these words were written in pencil : "I have avenged my sister

Florella—my poor sister whom thou hast killed !”

A cold perspiration stood on his brow. Could his reason resist the violent attacks which it had undergone ? The boatmen surveyed him with suppressed sneers and laughter. What indeed could be more ridiculous than this elegant theatrical figure in a fisherman’s dirty bark !

“ Whither are we going ? What boat is this ?” inquired Adolphe of the oarsmen.

They understood no French. He redoubled his efforts to make himself intelligible ; but his endeavours wholly failed, for he did not know a single word of Spanish. He had his purse, and offered it to them, begging them to put him on shore ; the boatmen took the purse, but continued laughing without setting their captive at liberty. Whither were they taking him—what instructions had been given them—was his death determined on ? Adolphe would have preferred a positive sentence of death to such painful uncertainty. A violent storm of wind had risen shortly after daybreak : clouds collected in masses in the horizon, and the boatmen, alarmed at the weather, rowed towards land. Was Heaven about to succour Don George’s

victim by driving the bark on shore? No ; the tempest, howling in gusts, burst forth with resistless fury. The boat, though rapidly progressing by the exertion of the rowers, failed in reaching a secure harbour : the winds and waves overpowered it, and, hurled back upon the open sea, its destruction appeared inevitable.

Adolphe's sufferings had increased to such a degree, that death no longer appeared to him a vision of dread : it was almost with joy that he prepared to meet it. The blow which he had received on his forehead, though not very dangerous, caused him acute pain. He felt as if he had already one foot in the tomb.

The bark, abandoned to the mercy of the waves, was hurried on towards unknown shores. The sailors, weary with fatigue and perplexed with terror, no longer attempted to steer it. They were resigned to their fate. Six hours passed thus. At last the storm abated, when, oh ray of hope ! they perceived a sail—a sail approaching them. The boatmen once more grasped their oars ; their signals of distress were perceived and they were saved.

The ship which had rescued them was a merchant vessel bound to Ireland. A general burst

of laughter from the sailors welcomed the shepherd Paris on his emerging from the fatal skiff, wet through and adorned with flowers, garished with ribbons and mud. This laugh produced on him the effect of a thunderbolt. An hour after his reaching this vessel, Adolphe had lost his reason.

He became dangerously ill on landing in Ireland, and was entrusted to the care of skilful doctors. His name was known, his family were written to, and a French physician hastened to him.

This physician, to whose charge he had been confided, had succeeded in restoring him to health, and partly to reason. He never opposed his patient's wishes. He had taken him, in compliance with his request, to the meeting at Tara, and thence he was to embark with him for France from the nearest port.*

Whole days sometimes elapsed without young Besville's shewing the least sign of a disordered mind. From his language, natural and calm, one would have thought he was perfectly cured; but, if by any mischance he heard a burst

* He departed in fact the day after our interview. I only saw him for an instant.

of laughter, the sound worked an instant revolution in his whole being, and his madness returned. He then called upon the name of Florella, accused himself of having killed her; and then demanding arms, loudly challenged Don George: he desired both a duel and vengeance.

One of the subjects which it was necessary to avoid touching on, in his presence, was his attractive countenance: he himself beheld nothing there but sinister looks. A few days before the meeting at Tara, a letter from Spain, which by some unlucky mistake his physician had failed in intercepting, had arrived to retard his cure, and inflict on him a fresh blow. It contained these tidings:

“The only daughter of Don Manuel de Cordomas was married last month to Don George de Salvaros. Dolorida had been long attached to her cousin, and George in return adored her. It was a love match.”

CHAPTER VII.

DROGHEDA is a handsome town, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It was pillaged by Cromwell: the remains of fortifications may still be seen there. Not far from it, on the banks of the Boyne river, is a rather mean-looking monument, erected in commemoration of the celebrated battle fought on July 1, 1690. There, in spite of the admirable position of his army, James II. was completely defeated and fled to Dublin, whence he embarked for France. The obelisk is placed on the very spot where William III., the conqueror of the dethroned king crossed the river.*

Near Drogheda is a curious cave called New

* This obelisk was erected by George II. in 1736. Its inscription states that James II. was defeated there, at the head of his popish army.

Grene. It can only be entered by crawling along the ground, and on one's knees underneath the mountain for a considerable distance. After this painful passage, you arrive at a circular grotto, twenty feet high, and evidently constructed by mortal hands, for in this place no rocks are to be found: no one knows whence the rough stones of which the cavern is formed have been brought thither. It is supposed to have been a druidical temple. No ray of light can enter it: fresh air is wanting there and respiration is difficult. To the right and left are recesses destined for human sacrifices. There is the *dolmen* where the victims were strangled; there the vessel in which the blood was collected. Farther off is the altar upon which the entrails of those slaughtered were consumed by fire, on occasions when the will of Heaven was consulted and oracles pronounced there. The walls of this frightful den are engraved with Runic characters which no scholar has yet been able to decipher.*

* Outside the entrance to the cave are three druidical stones. On a search being made near them heaps of bones were discovered.



I quitted Drogheda* to visit the famous lakes of Killarney, situated in the south of Ireland. I travelled post, and did not pause a moment in my way, except to see Cork, the second city in the kingdom. Cork was founded by the Danes in the seventh century.† Since my arrival in the British Isles I had heard nothing talked of more than the Lakes of Killarney. Mr. Lucas, one of the chief civil authorities in Dublin, and whose learning, courtesy, and kindness I shall never forget, had been good enough to trace out my route for me. I was indeed fully prepared to behold a charming scene; but reality surpassed my expectations.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number.‡

* In the environs of Drogheda are the picturesque ruins of the Abbey of Mellifont, built in 1150 by Roger O'Connor, King of Louth. Time has respected its ancient sculptures, portions of which are in remarkably good preservation.

† Four miles from Cork is the celebrated Blarney Castle belonging to J. C. Jefferies, Esq. At the summit of the tower which forms the castle is the Blarney stone, which each tourist is bound to kiss if he wishes to merit particular consideration.

‡ Upper Lake, Lower Lake, and Turk Lake. The most considerable of these is Lower Lake. The highest

Nothing can be more enchanting than the mountains which frame the picture, and amid which the river of the Deanagh forms the magnificent cascade of O'Sullivan. There are twenty-four islands on the lower lake; of these the two most attractive are Ross Island and Innisfallen Island. In the first are the interesting remains of Ross Castle, which sustained a protracted siege against the English in 1652. The second, which contains the gloomy ruins of an abbey founded in 600, is eminently picturesque. Switzerland possesses nothing superior of the kind.

From the summit of the mountains which command the lakes, and chiefly from that of Mangerton, a wondrous view is obtained. In the sides of Mangerton, cavities resembling craters are hollowed out in the most curious and fantastic manner; the largest of these is called the "Devil's Punchbowl." The mountain of Turk, separated from Mangerton by the charming valley,

mountains in the neighbourhood are Caran-Tual, three thousand four hundred and ten feet in height, and Mangerton, two thousand five hundred and fifty. The cascade of Turk above the cottage of Mr. Herbert is most romantic.

through which the old road to Kenmare passes, displays also unspeakable beauties. Then, on these enchanting shores, in the midst of these thick groves, beneath these tall trees that have stood a hundred years, what curious legends abound. Finmacoul is even there the giant *par excellence* : each wonder is his work. I heard there an echo which repeated sounds ten times. Such was the will of Finmacoul !

“ He who has beheld Killarney, its forests, its cascade, and its rocks,” say the enthusiasts of Ireland, “ has no need to go elsewhere : he has seen the master-pieces of nature.”

I only remained three days at Killarney, though I could have wished to spend weeks and months there, so great were the charms and attractions of the spot. But I purposed visiting the famous Giant’s Causeway in the north of Ireland, renowned throughout Europe, and I bent my steps towards Belfast.*

* I paused an instant at Dundalk (county of Louth), a handsome town containing about thirteen thousand inhabitants; and at Newry, another interesting place. There is a monastery in Newry where a yew-tree planted, it is said, by St. Patrick, may be seen : it should be consequently fourteen hundred years old. Newry was

The large commercial city of Belfast is to Ireland what Glasgow is to Scotland, and Liverpool to England. The metropolis of the north : it possesses superb flax-spinning factories, and its linen cloths are held in great estimation.* I passed rapidly through these districts, where the Marquis of Donegal, one of the great lords of the country, received me in his hospitable abode. I then journeyed on towards the coasts of Antrim. The Giant's Causeway awaited me.

I continued my route along the banks of Lough Neagh, a lake of eleven or twelve leagues in length, beneath which, according to tradition, lie several cities which have been swallowed up in its waters. I arrived at Coleraine, the second principal town in the county of Derry, and, in the most delightful weather possible, proceeded along the sea-coast.

burnt in 1689 by the Duke of Berwick. A river runs through this town, across which is a bridge of twenty-one arches and 2,262 feet in length.

* Belfast, situated on the river Lagen, is a hundred miles distant from Dublin. According to Spencer, it was besieged by Edward Bruce in the 14th century. Its castle was burnt in 1708, when three daughters of Lord Donegal perished in the flames.

My approach to this most poetic region was accompanied by a display of nature in perfect harmony with the scene. I was riding in an open car, and had scarcely arrived at the celebrated shores of Antrim, when the sky was darkened with heavy clouds. A storm arose, masses of vapours passed rapidly above the gigantic peaks, which began to be visible in the distance before me. The horizon had become the meteor palace of old Ossian, and the mountain echoes repeated on every side the loud voice of the hurricane and the thunder.

I remained awe-struck by this sublime picture; my little car rolled along amid the lightning and the wind, as if it was bearing me to the strange abodes of the daughters of Fingal; it was a moment of rapture!

But torrents of rain began to fall; the black clouds which careered in quick succession through the sky, and amid which the threatening lurid gleam of the tempest shot forth at intervals, enshrouded my path in fearful obscurity. The horse which drew my light vehicle sank down within a few paces of the edge of a precipice, and I was forced to alight. I


perceived a hut near me, which I entered ; what a sad spectacle I beheld there ! A family of wild-looking beings, barely clad, were there cowering over a great fire, and surveying me as I advanced with haggard eyes, as if I had been an emanation from the tempest, or a har-binger of the thunder. The owner of this singular den had no chair to offer me. I had great difficulty in approaching the fire, for every place near it was already taken possession of by the domestic animals which indeed had precedence over their masters. A hog lazily stretched out at full length, in front of the hearth, slumbered there, grunting as if under the influence of an unpleasant dream. Dogs, cats, a sheep and some fowls were stalking around St. Anthony's comrade ; and from all these, in the midst of a suffocating smoke, arose the most offensive odours. Alas ! such as this, in many places, is the *Irish cottage*.

Nevertheless, I was compelled to make the best of it, and await the termination of the storm beneath this comfortless shelter. I offered a few small coins to what appeared to be my fellow-creatures ; and from the joy evinced by those who seized them, I discovered that de-

cidedly they belonged to the great human family. Money was my touchstone, in aiding me to distinguish man from beast.

The tempest having ceased, I re-ascended my car, and shortly after the ruins of the Castle of Dunluce appeared before me in all their rugged majesty. Dunluce seen during a storm! it seemed as if the elements had combined, at the moment when earth displayed one of its most admirable pictures, to complete the scenic effect.

The Castle of Dunluce stands on the sea-coast upon a steep rock, three hundred feet in height. Its towers, battlements, galleries, its chapel and knightly halls still show the remains of its former splendour. The sky was gradually clearing, and disclosed a farewell ray of the setting sun. The ocean, like a flood of sapphire, foaming and boiling, was tinged with purple and gold; its agitated waves broke with a loud noise against the dark perpendicular and pyramidal crag, which had braved them for centuries; a crag whereon stood the fortress which the waves of time, more potent than those of the sea, had shattered in its pomp and pride! There, at once, all was threatening and mys-



terious, gloomy and radiant, splendid and desolate. Enthusiasm became mingled with a kind of awe; but this awe was not the immobility of fear, it was the delirium of ecstasy.

From the summit of the towers of Dunluce we beheld the Atlantic at our feet. Small islands called Skerries, on which flocks are grazing, lie scattered along the coast which is lined by the White Rocks.* These white masses, boldly hollowed in the shape of vaults, display twenty-seven singular recesses, some of which have the form and regularity of triumphal arches. On these shores, according to popular report, are wondrous *mirages*: syren strains are heard there, fantastic fleets pass by, visionary meadows extend along them, and unknown beacons are illuminated.

In the reign of James II., the Duchess of Buckingham was about to take her seat at table in the Castle of Dunluce. Suddenly, the kitchen and the dinner which was being prepared, sank and disappeared; the sea had overwhelmed

* These are masses of white chalky stone; they occupy an extent of several miles. The Priest's Hole is one of the strangest excavations on this shore.

them. The alarm was general, and the noble lady was compelled to fly.

I could not tear myself away from this magic castle, where I wandered with rapture. Of what dramas has it not been the scene! The entrance to the citadel is terrific. It is necessary to pass from the rock which guards the approach to it, to that on which it is erected, by crossing a vast abyss; and the bridge, unprotected on either side by the parapet which is thrown over it, is so narrow, that there is hardly room to walk across. Beneath the immense fortress is a cavern of proportionate vastness; its vault is more than sixty feet high, and its length exceeds three hundred feet. The sea enters it with a roaring sound. Above is the dread tower, where the Banshee of the Macquillains, the ancient lords of Dunluce, appears. I passed under its walls; there is the turret of Mava. I was desirous to remark how carefully it was swept.

“Who undertakes that office?” I asked.

“No living being,” was the answer. “Every night this prison-like chamber is cleaned like a ball-room, and yet no one enters it.”

“Who then keeps it in order?”

"Mava, the sweeper of Dunluce, and the Banshee of the Macquillains."

The following is the legend connected with the spot.

THE SWEEPER OF DUNLUCE.

In the fifteenth century, Mava, a young girl of seventeen, was the daughter of the noble and powerful Lord of Dunluce. Gentle and charitable, she rose each morning at daybreak, and went forth to relieve the wants of her poor dependents.

"Look at her," said the shepherds of the district, as they saw her pass along. "She is as benevolent as the spring sun, and fairer than the morning star."

"But, alas! a young and handsome cavalier had met her several times in her walks. He had even spoken to her. Who was he? Mava had not discovered. She only knew him by the name of *he*. When she beheld a bark glide slowly and secretly beneath the castle walls, she felt her heart beat. "It is *he*," she said. When at eve, a distant and touching voice sighed among the cliffs, "It is *he*," she repeated to

herself. *He!* that word said all; there is but one *he* in a woman's life.

The secret of her love was soon revealed to the Lord of Dunluce. Macquillain, the proudest of chiefs, was the harshest of fathers. Irritated against Mava, he declared to her that the year should not pass without her being married to the son of one of his powerful neighbours. "I will die first," thought the young girl. And, already anticipating as it were the sacrifice of her life, she prepared her shroud. Happiness could no longer possibly be her's, since she could never be anything to *him*.

Her father, finding her one day sewing a white robe, asked her drily :

"Is that a bridal dress?"

"No, my father," answered she; "it is a shroud for my tomb."

"A shroud! We shall see that."

"Yes, father; you *shall* see it."

These words were uttered in a prophetic tone; Macquillain appeared troubled by them. Unfortunately, Mava had no longer a mother to defend her with tears of sympathy against paternal tyranny. The Lord of the Castle, shaken in his determination for an instant,

eventually persisted in it more firmly than before. Convinced that he had exhausted all means of persuasion with his daughter, he tried what severity would effect. The poor child, condemned henceforward to see no living being, was shut up in one of the towers of Dunluce. Her food was thrust in through an opening in the wall: she herself was obliged to make her bed and sweep her chamber. She had nothing near her but the walls of her prison, no hope save the tomb, no support but prayer.

Mava, resigned to her fate, took her broom every evening and swept the room in silence.

"You have only to say one word," cried Macquillain one day from without, "and I will restore you to liberty. Promise to wed the noble chief whom I have destined for your husband!"

The captive was silent.

"Speak! answer me, my child. What is your resolution?"

"To sweep my chamber."

"For how long?"

"For ever."

"Another dismal prophecy!" replied the Lord of the Castle, with a voice of fury. "You think

to frighten me with your sibylline tone, but you will not succeed. Are you still making your shroud?"

"It is finished. You shall see it."

The Lord of the Castle began now to feel remorse: he was convinced that nothing would shake Mava's determination. Either he must yield or she would die. Paternal love was not extinct in his heart: fear revived the flame of his affection; he had but this one child, could he make up his mind to lose her?

But the pride of the castellan spoke as loudly as the affection of the sire. To yield to his daughter, acknowledge himself in the wrong, and confess himself conquered; to retract his sentence would be an unpardonable weakness! He would be laughed at everywhere! Could he subject himself to such an indignity?

Macquillain had obtained exact information respecting Mava's lover. Robert was of noble birth, brave, and well connected; wealth alone was wanting. Enough: the castellan's resolution was taken. He would not yield to his daughter, he would not revoke his decision, but he would save his child.

Mava, alone in her turret, holding her fatal

broom, with her head leaning on the handle of this instrument of toil, was shedding bitter tears. On a sudden, she heard the music of a harp through the bars of her window: the sounds came from a fisherman's skiff which lay alongside the shore.

That morning she had seen her father leave the castle with an escort of soldiers. Armed cap-a-pie, he was doubtless gone on some important expedition; possibly he might not return for several days. Mava began anew to hope. "That boat is *his*," said she, "he comes, I shall escape from hence; I shall escape by his means, and for him."

Alas! the sea began to swell, the wind to whistle menacingly, peals of thunder were heard. The boat, from which the harp resounded; had become the sport of the elements. Mava did not lose sight of it; she imagined, amid the murmurs of the storm, that she heard at intervals the distant melody of a hymn of thanksgiving. Ere long, the bark was impelled by the hurricane to the foot of the rocks of Dunluce: was it about to be dashed to pieces and perish there? No, the strong hand which steered it braved the billows that assailed it. It glided

between the rocks, it avoided and cleared them. It was beneath the cavern of the fortress.

The captive scarcely breathed. What a surprise awaited her ! A key turned in the lock of her prison. One of the servitors of the castle, enveloped in a brown cloak, advanced hastily towards her.

"You shall be saved !" said he to her.
"Follow me quickly."

"And *he* ?" cried she.

"And he also."

"Whither must I go ?"

"Under the great cavern of the fort."

"And I shall find him ?"

"In his boat."

"He has then overcome the storm ?"

"He awaits you : come quickly."

"I am ready."

Mava followed her guide ; she learned from him that her lover, having procured information respecting the localities, had bribed several of her keepers, and especially the gaoler of the tower. Heaven seconded his designs.

Robert must have found it an easy task to gain over the servitors of the castle to his interest. They desired nothing more ea-

gerly than to aid in the escape of their gentle mistress ; she was adored at Dunluce.

Robert, from the depth of his cavern, perceived a lamp in the distance : Mava advanced towards him, pale and trembling. Her white dress was torn by the rough projections of the cave ; her feet were wounded by the sharp pebbles of a broken and uneven soil. What matter ? She approached, she reached him—she was in Robert's arms.

Who could describe their transports ! They forgot their dangers and their situation, their misfortunes and the storm. Here as in Heaven, time was not measured by moments nor hours, all seemed eternal.

“ Fly, fly, and speedily,” exclaimed the gaoler of the tower.

The lovers quitted the cavern, and the boat emerged into the open sea.

From one of the windows of the fortress, a man, completely armed, watched the fugitives ; this was Macquillain. His departure had only been a feint, and during the storm, under cover of the darkness, he had re-entered his dwelling without having been observed by any one. He himself had arranged everything to

facilitate his daughter's escape, and to meet Robert's views. The gaoler, who had opened the prison door, was the most devoted servant he possessed, and secretly obeyed him while he appeared to betray him. Macquillain now felt confident of the success of his scheme. He rejoiced to have discovered the means of restoring life and happiness to his child, without having at all sacrificed his rights or his pride. By so doing, his will did not give way to Mava's firmness. Circumstances alone had changed their respective positions ! and, Providence appearing to direct everything, his own *amour-propre* was saved.


"How she loves that man !" said he with a sigh, while his eyes were fixed on Robert's skiff. "Alas ! when the lover enters a young girl's heart, the father is forgotten ! Those two beings at this moment think of nothing but their love ! Night has no darkness, the storm no thunder for them ! It matters not ; I am content. Mava will forget me ; I am resigned even to that. May she be happy—without me ! I have saved her—but I weep for her !"

But what a fearful spectacle was he now about to witness ! The tempest began anew ; fresh hurricanes burst forth. The frail bark, hur

ried along by the storm, with resistless violence, now mounted to the summit of the waves, and now sank in the depths of the abyss. No succour could be given ; it was lost—hopelessly lost!

The wretched father beheld with his own eyes the fate of his child ; and it was he himself, it was his own blind pride that had hurled her into the gulf. He perceived, amid the flashes of the lightning, his daughter on her knees in the boat, with her hands raised to Heaven. She uttered a cry of distress, and he thought he heard the words “My father!” The child, in the hour of death, almost always invokes to its aid those from whom it received life : its first cry is its last also. Robert still rowed on vigorously, he still resisted the fury of the waves ; but he was panting and exhausted. A billow struck him down. Macquillain fancied he heard his daughter utter another mournful cry. He saw her dart towards Robert. But the bark had just been dashed against the Skerries, it was broken into a thousand pieces, and all disappeared in the flood of waters.

At this dreadful moment the castelain forgot all his resolutions ; he rushed from his retreat ; he hastened to reveal openly to those who believed him to be absent, the artifice suggested by



his own self-love. His weak plot would now be known. But he was then heedless of all that might be said. It was a father's love alone that animated him: he would save his daughter before all things, at the price of his reputation, his fortune, his life. His daughter! all else was nothing.

"Dunluce and half my wealth to him who will restore my child to me!" cried Macquillain, maddened with despair.

The servants of the castle ran down in numbers to the foot of the White Rocks, opposite to the Skerries, most of them bearing torches. They had boats and ropes, and were aided by sailors and divers, who neither feared the sea nor the storm; but hell itself appeared to have risen against the lovers of Dunluce. The boats were driven back on the shore, or shattered against the rocks: the sailors and swimmers were swallowed up by the waves. There was no more lightning, but the dark tempest continued: on every side yawned abysses and death.

Macquillain, wringing his hands and tearing his hair, would fain have plunged into the sea: he filled the air with his cries.

“ But an instant ago she lived ! and I then said, I weep for her ! Oh, I knew not what it was to weep ! Mava ! my gentle child—my life ! ”

Yet one ray of hope and happiness remained : a man was seen swimming towards the shore : he bore along with him a figure in white. It was Robert saving his beloved one. The invulnerable, the athletic Robert. He was redoubling his efforts in the struggle, when a frightful wave suddenly met him. It struck the unhappy Robert, and hurled him against a rock ; his skull was fractured.

On the following day, at early dawn, the body of Robert was found on the strand between the White Rocks and Portrush.* His head was shockingly disfigured. As for the virgin of Dunluce she had disappeared for ever : the sea never restored its victim.

Macquillain, almost mad with grief, wandered frequently along the shore calling on the name of his daughter. One day he was passing beneath the tower where his captive had shed so many tears ; he raised his head. Oh strange

* A small harbour within sight of Dunluce, and four miles from Coleraine.

vision ! he fancied he beheld Mava through the bars of her window. She had her broom in her hand, and was clad—in a shroud.

Bereft of reason he cried out :

“ For how long ? ”

“ For ever.”

And Mava's spectre, with her eyes fixed on Macquillain, continued sweeping : she shewed him her shroud. The castellain, dumb with terror, imagined he heard the words :

“ It is finished : you see it.”

Since that time, at a particular hour, to the great alarm of visitors, the sweeper of the turret never ceased cleaning her room, in spite of all obstacles. One morning she awoke the whole castle by her cries : she was clothed in green, the greenish hue of a stormy sea : her hair was dishevelled, and her convulsed features denoted the excess of despair. The Lord of the Castle was sought ; he was breathing his last. An hour after, he expired. Mava then became the Banshee of the Macquillain family. Whenever a member of that house was about to die, she appeared at her turret, throwing her broom aside, and clad in a green mantle, uttered piteous cries.

The last of the race of Macquillain* was at the Castle of Dunluce.

"My Lord," said one of his attendants, "the Banshee is calling at the window: she is green as the sea."

"I am a dead man," cried the youth.

These were his last words; he fell struck with sudden apoplexy. His name perished with him.

The Banshee has ceased to appear, for she can no longer announce death to the Macquillain family. Her broom alone keeps constantly moving, and this is to last for ever.

* The legend adds the following: "The last of the Macquillains wished one day to surprise the sweeper of Dunluce while she was cleaning her chamber: he arrived there, and from behind the door heard the noise of her broom, but as soon as he entered the room Mava became invisible. 'Sweeper!' said the young man, 'I am certain thou tormentest us because no one has ever paid thee for thy labour. Well then, here is a sixpence in good coin; take it, and let us see thee no more!' On the following day the sixpence was removed, but the apparition of the tower had been so annoyed at the insulting words of the last heir of Dunluce, that she had sworn never more to show herself in the exercise of her functions. Her broom alone keeps constantly moving, and her broom alone is visible."

CHAPTER VIII.

I QUITTED the ruins of Dunluce on the approach of night.* No more tempestuous clouds hung in the sky, but thick fogs were rising. I was about to remount my car when I perceived several ladies, elegantly dressed, standing round my little open equipage, in which I had left my luggage. They had alighted from their carriage while passing along the shore, and had asked my driver who the individual could be, who in such weather had visited the dilapidated fortress. Seeing my name on a portmanteau, they had remained there awaiting my return.

In the midst of desert rocks, beneath the thick mist of evening, and within hearing of

* About a mile west of Dunluce may be seen the ruins of Ballymagarry, the residence of the noble and ancient family of the Earls of Antrim.

the roaring of the sea, I found myself suddenly encircled by a group of charming women. Three young girls, rivalling each other in loveliness, advanced towards me. Their dresses were of white muslin, their bonnets trimmed with flowers: the harps alone were wanting to make me fancy myself among the daughters of Ossian. I had just heard the story of a phantom; I was on the spot of all others famous for visionary apparitions, and I desired nothing better than to stay awhile there. I therefore gladly paused amid these unexpected guests of the ruin and the storm. I almost hoped to find, among the pretty faces that presented themselves to my view, the Sweeper of Dunluce.

An animated conversation ensued between my unknown fair ones and myself. Mrs. Stephenson, the leader of the party, proposed to me to stay the night at her house. She resided at Portrush, on the sea-coast near Dunluce, and insisted on my accepting a good supper and bed beneath her hospitable roof. I could hardly resist yielding to so tempting an offer; but my doing so would have removed me still further from the Giant's Causeway, and my moments were numbered. Be-

sides, I knew that I could pass through Portrush in my way to Scotland; I therefore promised Mrs. Stephenson to choose that port for my place of embarkation, and to bid her farewell before quitting Ireland. I then parted from my new friends, for in hospitable Erin the kindly affections soon spring up, and do not disappear as quickly. Whomsoever we meet is a brother: wherever we stop, we find friends.*

A few moments afterwards, the mountains of Antrim were shrouded in the darkness of night. It was icy cold; my cloak was wet through. Not the smallest habitation could be seen among the barren tracts through which I was travelling. I would fain have slept at the hamlet that lay nearest to the Giant's Causeway; but my horse had hurt his foot in descending a hill. He limped terribly, and I began to fear I should be obliged to pass the night in some desolate cavern, which, by the way, would have been if not very comfortable, at least, singularly poetic. On a sudden I perceived lights in the distance before me, and imagined myself at my journey's end.

* I am indebted to Mrs. Stephenson for numerous details of the legend of Mava.

"We are there, are we not?" I asked my driver.

"Oh no, indeed," answered he, in a sad and disconsolate tone; "we are still far from the Giant's Causeway. I am wet to the bones, and shiver so, that I have no longer strength to guide my poor horse, who cannot keep himself on his legs. I really don't know what will become of your honour, my beast, and myself."

"What lights are those yonder? I see a building with turrets a little way off."

"It is the residence of Lady M'Naghten."

"What is it called?"

"Bushmill's House."

"And is Lady M'Naghten there?"

"Yes, happily for the country. Sir Francis and his family are its benefactors."

"Bravo! he shall be ours too."

"How?"

"Drive me to the house."

"Do you know Sir Francis?"

"Not yet, but never mind; we will knock at the door."

"At this hour? In such bad weather? And with a horse that can go no further?"

"Those are precisely my reasons for doing so."



"Your honour is not expected there."

"A pilgrim ought to be always welcome."

This answer was beyond my driver's comprehension. He looked at me with a stupified air, and I coolly resumed :

"Knock at the door of Bushmill's House."

The horse, at length, dragged us thither, and while the porter took up my card to the owner of the mansion, I said to myself :

"Will this fine castle open its gates to me? Dare I put my trust here, as in Germany and Russia, in the pilgrim's star?"

I poetized while waiting for the solution.

The castle gates opened. Sir Francis's son came himself to welcome me at the threshold of his dwelling ; and I experienced that cordial hospitality of the olden time which the progress of civilization is daily destroying, and which in France exists no longer save in ancient chronicles. Besides Sir Francis M'Naghten and his wife, his son and two of his daughters were staying in the house. Heaven had bestowed fourteen children on this patriarch of fourscore ; who, by adding fifty-eight grandchildren to this number, could assemble round his table a family of seventy-two persons. Had it not been for the

hand of death, whose scythe had fallen there as well as elsewhere, he would have counted more than a hundred. A recent calamity had deeply afflicted him. One of his sons, a young man of the greatest promise, had been murdered in India. Virtue, in this vale of trials, does not save us from misfortune.

I was welcomed at Bushmill's House as a new member of the family. A warm bath was prepared for my use ; I enjoyed a good supper, and an excellent bed awaited me. The graces of courtesy were there the customs of the heart ; and in this sphere of kindness I fancied myself transported to the days of chivalry.

Next day was Sunday ; I arose, opened my window, and beheld the sea before me, that sea which was about to display to me the Giant's Causeway. Breakfast was served ; after which the family went to church. In the adjoining village there was a Roman Catholic chapel ; and by Sir Francis's orders I was conducted thither.

This chapel was a dilapidated barn, scarcely sheltered from the inclemency of the weather : its walls were full of cracks, and its only pavement was the earth, beaten hard. At the farther



end of the building, on the sill of a window, the glass of which was broken, some narrow and half rotten old planks had been set up, forming a kind of altar. The ascent to it was by three uneven steps. The only ornaments of this altar were a wooden cross, such as we see above the graves of a village cemetery: two rushlights in two miserable copper candlesticks: old illegible papers for the mass, a cracked china pot containing water, and a common tavern glass half full of wine, to represent the holy vessels. These ornaments altogether might be worth sixpence.

I sat down on a stool of honour in this sanctuary, worthy of the earliest Christian era. I fancied myself transported to the primitive ages, when the church, wandering and persecuted, essayed its first religious ceremonies, under the wild shelter of the deserts, in unknown regions, and amid savage tribes. The Catholic priest arrived: he had no sacristy, and was obliged to dress at the altar, before a cross of rough wood, and a chalice with a pewter stand. His vestment was in rags.

Oh, it was indeed the mass of the poor! Yet there were to be found inestimable treasures;

the piety of the Christian soul, the holy resignation of the just. The prayers were said with fervour, and the people had faith in them.

Returning to Bushmill's House, I glanced at the Protestant Church ; it was magnificent and brilliantly ornamented ; the contrast was painful. The majority of the Irish are Catholics,* and that majority, whose religious feelings are constantly insulted, behold the reformed ministers enriched by all the tithes paid by them, while the Catholic clergy are in a state of extreme indigence. Such a spectacle irritates the people. Can we altogether blame them ?

And yet, the Irishman, whatever may be said to the contrary, is gentle, peaceable, and patient. This kingdom had been described to me as resembling a volcano in a state of eruption. I heard of nothing but revolutionary risings and terrific insurrections. I believed I was about to traverse, not without danger, a country as it were on fire, abandoned to the demon of anarchy and civil war ; far from it, I met with nothing but a quiet population and tranquil districts. They hope for happier times, they expect better days ; but

* Out of eight millions of Irish, six and a half are Catholics.




they hope without murmuring, and expect without anger.

A small carriage awaited me at Bushmill's House which was to take me to the Giant's Causeway. I mounted it with eagerness, and soon arrived at the sea coast. A legion of guides sprang immediately forward to meet me, vociferating most discordantly ; each wanted to be hired, each pulled me towards him, and I thought I should be torn in pieces among them. I was told that a stranger, who had not been previously warned of the scene he was about to encounter, fancied he had fallen into the hands of a band of pirates. Drawing out his purse and watch, he exclaimed :

“ Here, take these, but spare my life.”

The sea, lashed as it had been by the hurricane of the day before, was still rough and stormy. Its waves dashed with fury against the Giant's Causeway. At last this wonder of Ireland stood before me. Imagine, if it be possible to do so, innumerable basaltic pillars reaching out into the middle of the ocean, at a height of from twenty to thirty feet, like a forest of brazen masts, and near enough one to another to form a road, each stone of which is the summit of a gigantic



column. I walked, speechless with admiration on these prismatic crystals, and these stones cut angularly, which towered above the waves of the sea. The Causeway is said to be seven hundred feet long and three hundred broad. Most of its stones, hermetically joined, and resembling the cells in a hive of bees, are of a pentagonal or hexagonal form ; some of them have seven sides, others four and three, some have even eight and nine. These basalts, or iron stones, are of a black and greenish hue ; although not affected by acids, they may be melted by fire. Are they volcanic productions ? But how could the convulsions of a subterraneous fire have raised such master-pieces of architecture ? How could chaos and confusion have produced order and regularity ? Can lava have erected these palaces, and eruptions have produced these temples ! Where is the base of these immeasurable columns which extend from Ireland towards Scotland ? Their unknown foundation is at the bottom of abysses ; their subterraneous line reaches to the pole itself,* On the one hand, all is invisible ; on the other, all is immense. How

* This will be seen hereafter, from the description of the isle of Staffa and the grotto of Fingal.

many different accounts are there of these prodigies ! As for me, while surveying and admiring them, I prefer a flight in the boundless realms of fancy to the plodding task of analysis. Controversy is earth ; enthusiasm is heaven.*

Opposite to the Causeway, and along the shore, is the Giant's Amphitheatre ; its semicircle is entirely composed of columns. The immense summit of this natural Coliseum resembles an old castellated fortress. Not far off is Spanish Bay where are to be seen pyramids and obelisks sculptured like the Alhambra. The top of this mount, covered with spires and steeples, appears as it were a mass of fortifications. It is related that one of the ships of the invincible Armada, thrown on these shores by the memorable tempest which saved England, arrived there during one of the nights of the storm. The pointed summits of the formidable rock were mistaken

* If the basaltic stones are produced by volcanoes, why are none seen near Vesuvius ? If on the contrary, they have no connexion with burning mountains, why are they found in abundance near Mount Etna in Sicily ; Mount Hecla in Iceland ; near the craters of the Isle of Bourbon ; and the extinct Volcanoes of Vivarais in Auvergne.

by the crew for the battlements, the turrets and chimneys of the Castle of Dunluce : they thought themselves safe, and hastened to enter the bay. Alas ! the vessel struck against frightful rocks, and was overwhelmed by the sea : all perished, all were swallowed up. Nothing, according to popular tradition, was rescued from the abyss, but a magnificent Spanish organ, which I had seen in Dublin.*

The guides of Wicklow and Killarney entertain the traveller only with legends and fairy tales ; those of the Giant's Causeway talk of nothing but crystals and basaltic rocks. They have measured the stones, numbered the squares of pavement, and counted the columns.† In the middle of the Causeway, and above the level of the sea, they show you a fountain of

* In memory of this catastrophe, the place was called Spanish Bay. At the foot of the black and greenish basaltic rocks on this coast, volcanic ashes, red, and yellow ochre are discovered. These different colours seen together, produce a fine effect.

† One of them assured me that the Causeway had thirty-five thousand columns, and he felt confident that his calculation was correct. They are also acquainted with the genealogies of all the great lords on the coast, from Portrush to Belfast.

fresh water, which you are compelled to taste, for the enthusiasm of the traveller is their patrimony, their privilege, and monopoly.

My guide's name was David M'Mullen: he had been Marshal Gerard's guide five or six years before, and spoke to me of the pleasure he had experienced in seeing him sketch on the shore.

Learning afterwards that I was staying at Bushmill's House, he said with emotion:

"Ah! you know Miss M'Naghten; she is the joy and pride of the country; there is not a poor person to whose support she does not contribute nor an unfortunate one whom she does not endeavour to console. Her excellent father, who owns almost all these parts, has founded at his own expense a school in the village. Every morning his daughter comes there herself to instruct fifty children: she teaches them to read, write, and pray to God. To-day, Sunday, she was with her little flock before six o'clock in the morning; they all prayed around her, and will be all good, like her. I am sure that there is no angel in Heaven more perfect than her."

David M'Mullen neither wanted for wit nor memory. I asked him to tell me some legends; he smiled, for he knew a great quantity of them. I will here relate one or two.

Finmacoul, the Irish Goliath, of whom I had heard so much at the Seven Churches and at Killarney, was the supreme ruler of the coasts of Antrim. Immeasurably exalted as have been his merits by tradition and time, this Finmacoul was incontestably a powerful warrior in his day. It is well known that the Danes conquered Ireland in the ninth century, and occupied it for three hundred years.* Finmacoul fought against them with success; and the name of this hero, at that time immortalized by the gratitude of his country, became afterwards so colossal, that Finmacoul, having been once the man of glory, is at this day the hero of fable. Passing from mere human nature, the chief became a giant, and from that, a god.

Let us hear David's stories.

"Finmacoul, having quarrelled with a Scotch

* They had brought thither their gods (Thor, Odin, Lokedu). This explains the Druidical stones of Ireland. There are still some Danish families in the kingdom.

giant, sent him a challenge, asking him in what country he would wish the combat to take place.

“ ‘In Ireland,’ answered the Scot politely: ‘I only regret that I shall be obliged to cross the water, for the damp does not always agree with me.’

“ ‘Do not let that annoy you,’ replied Finmacoul, with no less courtesy; ‘let us put off the battle for a week, and I will build you a passage, so that you shall not wet your feet.’

“Admire his delicacy; Finmacoul wished to kill his adversary, although he would have been miserable if he had allowed him to take cold.

“The Irish giant began his work immediately. He went in search of huge rocks, set subterranean fires working; and, ere long, basaltic columns, admirably cut, were fixed in the ocean. A week was sufficient for him to finish driving in his piles, levelling his route, and joining his stepping stones. He was a marvellous architect: there are none like him now.”

“Above the Causeway is the giant’s dressing-room. There, every evening,” said David, “Finmacoul, returning from his forges, washed his

face. There is the seat on which his wife sat while he shaved and cleaned his nails. Shyla, the fair giantess, adored her lusty spouse; his hips were so solid, and his shoulders so square! Besides, nothing could equal his courage; and the beautiful always love the brave.

“ One day, however, Shyla was horribly scolded by Finmacoul. She had been with him searching for rocks in Scotland: it was all fair that Caledonia should furnish her share of the Causeway which was to join the two islands. Shyla, occupied in watching her vigorous husband, who had boldly placed on his back a few hundred thousand angular pillars, did not perceive on her road home that there was a hole in the apron in which she herself was carrying a quantity of mountains of greater or less size. When fairly out at sea, all these masses slipped down, and formed the Island of Rathlin:* they sank into the water at her feet. Shyla, vexed at her own awkwardness and at the harsh reproaches of her companion, had not the courage

* This island, lying near the Scottish coast, is three leagues in length, and one and a half in breadth. One of its elevations, Kenramer, is four hundred and forty-nine feet high.

to pick up all these rocks and crags. She reached the Irish coast, and betook herself to weep at Coleraine: a fearful inundation was the result of her tears, and if Finmacoul, who had rated her too severely for not having sewn up her apron in time, had not promptly arrived to dry her eyes, no one knows what would have become of Ireland: it would probably have been covered with water.

“Shyla regained strength and courage: the work continued, and before the week had expired, the Causeway between Ireland and Scotland was completely finished. One might have then crossed over with dry feet.

“Every obstacle to the duel being thus honourably removed, the giant of Scotland hastened to the spot where the giant of Ireland awaited his coming. Each placed himself on the point of a rock opposite to the other: they were only separated by an abyss of from three hundred to four hundred feet broad, which did not much signify. They fought with fists; the Scotch giant, after a combat of nearly an hour, had his jaw broken: he fell vanquished. They even say that he died of it. But what delighted Finmacoul was, that his adversary, in coming to

be killed had neither caught cold nor cough. Everything had happened for the best: the blow from his fist proved to be the work of death, and the Causeway that of immortality.

“When Finmacoul ceased to live, (and what surprises me is that such a being should not have been by nature able to laugh at the scythe of Time) an earthquake took place which broke into pieces, and swallowed up part of the Giant's Causeway; that part which was in the open sea. The two ends alone remained, one on the coast of Ireland, and the other on that of Scotland; they are opposite to each other, and formed of the same basaltic rocks. The same columns were constructed by the same workman: in Ireland they sufficed to build the Giant's Causeway, and form the enclosure of the Shepherd's Park; in Scotland, they created the Isle of Staffa and the Grotto of Fingal.

“Do you see that line of pipes up there?” resumed M'Mullen; “several of them are one hundred and twenty feet high, that is the Giant's organ. It plays an air every year on Christmas Eve about midnight. As long as the music lasts (and some old men in the country

have heard it,) stones may be seen dancing, dwarfs cutting capers, and fairies turning "hands round;" the harmony is supernatural. If at that moment a perfect Christian chanced to be on the shore with the Gospel in his hand, and read the genealogy of our Saviour backwards, he would behold the sea open; he would discover beneath its waters an immense capital, which was formerly swallowed up on account of its crimes, like Sodom and Gomorrah; and moreover, he would see all the inhabitants in their shirts occupied for the purification of their sins, in washing their dirty linen—*en famille*.^{*} According to tradition, this city, as soon as it shall have succeeded in completely cleansing itself will appear above water in a pure and brilliant state. All that remains to be known is whether it will ever be thoroughly clean; for it is necessary that every stain should be washed out, and that it should become white as snow. Now, from what we learn by the revelations of Scottish second sight, the washing makes no progress, and the linen is still dirty."

^{*} In allusion to a speech of Napoleon in the Chamber of Deputies after his return from Moscow.

I ascended Plaiskin's Bay.* From this lofty promontory, I obtained a commanding view of the plains of Ireland on the one side, and of the vast extent of sea on the other. On the one hand were earth, labour, and man; on the other, the ocean, immense and unknown, and God. Oh! with my eyes fixed on these shores covered with columns and caverns, through which cascades were falling and obelisks towering, I fancied that I could wish to abide there in solitude in the midst of these sublime wonders of creation, to be alone with my Creator, to withdraw myself from the agitations of the World, to weep over the hopes of the heart, and to aim solely at another life. But there were on earth loved beings, whom I desired to see again. I sighed with a feeling of melancholy, and continued my route.

A kind of pyramid, isolated and of an enormous height, towers above the sides of the rock; it is inconceivable how it can have maintained its place in defiance of the storm, since it had fallen there from the hands of God. A child

* One of the highest peaks on this coast: it is three hundred and ninety-five feet high.

ascended it one day and sat down upon it, but was unable to descend; he was seen at a distance from the shore, but as night was falling, no one could go to his assistance. Next morning those in search of him ran to the column, but the child was there no longer; his body was sought, but not a trace of it discovered. That evening, to the surprise of all, he returned to his father's roof. He was asked who had preserved him; he neither heard nor understood what was said; his friends tried to make him talk, but he had lost the faculty of speech. What had happened to him was never ascertained; but he must doubtless have experienced unheard of tortures before arriving at his present state. The unfortunate child still exists in the country: he is deaf and dumb.

An adventure as tragical, but with less painful consequences, recently occurred at the Giant's Amphitheatre. A woman fell there from a perpendicular height of one hundred and twelve feet, then rolled fifty feet lower, and yet got up alive; she had only a few inconsiderable contusions. This woman, who was married, had up to that time been childless, which was a source of affliction to her; having recovered from her

fall, she became pregnant, and gave birth successively to four children. A hint to young women in her situation.

From the bee-hive, one of the most curious parts of the Giant's Causeway, I went to the cave of Port Coon; the scene of another legend.

A son of Finmacoul had turned hermit there, and had sworn never to eat anything that should be presented to him by a human hand. One evening, when he was fainting with hunger, some young girls, fresh and pretty, brought him an excellent pie; the hermit thanked them, but refused to take it. An hour afterwards came a seal, bringing out of the water a dish of fried fish; the paw of the seal could not reasonably be considered a human hand, so the anchorite swallowed the dainty without scruple. Instantly humming an air, the seal cast off its scales and became a syren. "I have broken my vow!" said the hermit, and instantly fell dead.

I found the cavern of Port Coon very difficult of access, and was obliged to jump from rock to rock at the risk of breaking my arms and legs, in order to reach a frightful fissure in one of the sides of the immense cave. The sea en-

tered it on the left, and the boiling waves dashed close to me with a noise resembling thunder. I penetrated to the right, without reflection, beneath the threatening excavations where wind and tide were running riot. Impelled by enthusiasm, and unable to restrain myself, I did not hear my guide crying with all his might,

“Go no further; come back!”

His voice was lost amid the roaring of the sea. Suddenly I felt myself seized by the arm:

“Do you wish, then, to perish!” said the affrighted David; “the tide is rising, we shall not be able to retreat; already the water is gaining on us.”

In truth, at the distance of about five hundred feet from me, I could see the ocean precipitating itself in the distance beneath the great outward arch. Its billows, in advancing, gaped wide like the jaws of a tiger about to devour his prey; I retreated before them.

“No, no,” said David, “there is no way out behind us; we must return as we came in.”

But the sea had already attained the bottom of the fissure through which we had entered the cavern, and every instant increased our dan-

ger. I darted through the waves, profiting by the short interval while they retired rapidly, to advance with still greater rapidity. Three fishermen of the coast, who had perceived from without that we were delaying our return too long, had come to our aid. David seized me by the legs; his comrades, standing above the fissure, grasped my arms, and I was rescued from the flood: a few minutes more, and it would have been too late.

I returned to Bushmill's House, where the most amiable of families awaited me; and on the following day I again betook myself in a delightful mood to the road leading to the sea coast.

Miss M'Naghten herself conducted me in a little country car; she was on her way to visit her school and her other good works. This charming daughter of the mansion recalled to my mind the sweetest creations of Walter Scott; she might have served him for a model.

I took a boat from the strand. The sea was still violently agitated; but I had resolved to coast along the shores of Antrim, and to see displayed before me the line of cliffs extending

from the arches of the White Rock to the summit of Fairhead.* I entered with my boat beneath the cavern of Dunkerry ; no description could do justice to its sublime beauties. Its opening, in the form of a triumphal arch, is ninety-six feet high and sixteen broad. One would have called it, in the mythological ages, the portico of one of Neptune's subterranean palaces. My skiff proceeded as mysteriously and solemnly as if it were conducting me towards the abode of Pluto.

As I approached the interior, the cave grew wider :† we came to immense arched galleries, where the waves were tossing boisterously to and fro. The base of the rock was of a reddish hue, the sides black as ebony, and the arch partly green, partly white. Before me was a vista of more than seven hundred feet in length ; but the passage afterwards took another direction, and its issue is not known. One of my boatmen had a gun, which he discharged beneath the vaulted arch ; the report was terrible, the sub-

* One of the highest promontories on the northern coast of Ireland.

† In many places it is more than thirty feet in width.

terraneous echo repeated it seven or eight times, and I quitted the cavern in the highest state of excitement.

My boat again put out to sea; and then all the marvels of the Giant's Causeway passed in succession before me. Plaiskin's Bay presented to my view its two stories of basaltic columns: Horechue Bay shewed its two isolated statues on a pedestal, a work of nature, in which she has displayed the talent of a clever sculptor: the figures are said to represent the two sons of Finmacoul.* Then came the Giant's pulpit, from which the Irish Samson delivered his harangues. I inquired to whom he addressed his speeches, but the reply was not very intelligible. I presumed that he must have spoken to the ocean whose waves were roaring at his feet. From the summit of his ramparts he might have said to it, like Jehovah, "Thou shalt go no further."

"Here," said my guide, showing me two pointed rocks, "is the spot where Finmacoul fought and where his adversary perished."

Shortly before, I had remarked four upright

* Tradition maintains that they are the work of Finmacoul himself.

figures by the side of a colonnade; they were the four sons of the Scottish giant, who had come to be present at their father's duel, and who had no doubt of his success. They saw him suddenly fall: the poor wretches were seized with such despair that they remained petrified on the spot; they have never moved from it.*

Situated in the midst of a barren district upon a lonely flat, a small white house attracted my attention. Not a tree shaded this gloomy dwelling: no vegetation was to be seen near it. I was informed that Lord Castlereagh had been brought up there, together with six other children, among whom was Sir Francis M'Naghten. A clergyman superintended their education, remote from all society. They lived there, like exiles, alone with the waves of the sea, the rocks and Heaven their studies.

But what a succession of descriptions should I be obliged to attempt if I wished to mention in detail the ruins of the Castle of Dunsuvoreck,

* At a little distance from these, the statue of Fin-macoul himself may be seen: he is represented as seated upon the shore. This is another marvellous work of nature.

those of Green Castle, the chapel of the White Abbey, Cave Hill, the Castle of Olderfleet, to which Robert Bruce retired in 1315; Glenarm, the Grey Man's Path, the Van's Head, Belly Castle, White Head, and the Bridge of Carrick-a-Rede! My two volumes would not suffice to contain them.

The Bridge of Carrick-a-Rede, supported by two rocky peaks above the sea, is entirely composed of copes, and is very dangerous: it is sixty feet long and ninety high, and is one of the wondrous curiosities of the coast of Antrim. Opposite to it is the island of Raghery or rather Rathlin.* Robert Bruce took refuge there, during the civil wars which ravaged Scotland on Baliol's accession to the throne, and inhabited a fortress there, the ruins of which may still be seen. They bear the name of the illustrious prince: his enemies pursued him thither, and drove him from the place. The island, which contains about one thousand inhabitants, belongs now to a clergyman, the Rev. R. Gage,

* This was the island which fell from Shyla's apron, according to the legend.

who is at once its pastor, its magistrate, its proprietor, and in a manner its king.*

In the evening after my excursion along the coast, I was seated in Lady M'Naghten's charming drawing-room: but whatever might be the attraction of the circle that surrounded me, I could not wean my thoughts from the Giant's Causeway. Nevertheless, a delightful harmony soon interrupted my meditations. A young lady seated at the piano, was singing a French romance. Oh! how enchanting did that stranger's voice appear to me, transporting me in fancy back to my own country. I learnt that this amiable musician had been born at

* Near Carrick-a-Rede is a small inhabited rock in the midst of the sea, containing a fountain of fresh water. This phenomenon is thus explained:—The water descends from the mountains of the adjacent shore, passes under the sea, and ascends to the level of the island after the manner of a waterspout.

One of the proofs of a very early civilisation in Ireland exists at Belly Castle. There are coal-mines which were worked (the fact is beyond all doubt) before the invasion of the Danes.

Rabbits are so abundant along the coasts of Antrim, that in some places as many as ten thousand are killed annually. They are sold for the value of their skins.

Paris, and educated there at the *Sacré Cœur*. Her regular features bore the traces of gentle melancholy. I spoke to her of France, and saw her fine eyes moisten with tears. She was one of Sir Francis's country neighbours. Before quitting us, she approached me; I begged her to sing another air. She smiled mournfully, and replied to me in a low voice with the burden of a song in the '*Pré aux Clercs*': "*Rendez-moi ma patrie !*" "I understand you," interrupted I. "*Les souvenirs du jeune âge,*" she hastily added, "*sont gravés dans mon cœur.*" We in this way conversed through the medium of the Paris opera.

I departed with regret on the following day. I left this hospitable mansion where I had experienced so much delight. Should these pages ever reach Bushmill's house, may they convey to Sir Francis and his amiable relatives, to Miss M'Naghten, and to her sister the lovely Mrs. Probyn, my heartfelt expressions of everlasting gratitude.*

* Alas ! since these pages were written, death has brought grief and mourning to Bushmill's. The noble Sir Francis is no more. The melancholy tidings reached

I bent my steps towards Portrush : I had not forgotten Mrs. Stephenson, and I presented myself at her abode. There also kindness, attention, and a fresh succession of pleasures awaited me. Miss Stephenson, the muse of the county, had written several works, and one of them was presented to me. Another precious souvenir.

Adieu, hospitable Ireland ! Adieu, poetic shores ! The vessel which bore me away could not tear my thoughts from you. In vain did your lakes, your valleys, your mountains vanish from the horizon. The eye of the heart did not lose sight of you. Oh, Ireland, shall I ever see thee again !

me through the medium of a newspaper, and I have shared at a distance the deep affliction of his family.

END OF VOL. I.

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